

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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February 25, 1942



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LONDON
FEBRUARY 25, 1942

and BYSTANDER

Price:
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This is the Man Americans Liked

"A pudgy man with cheeks like apple dumplings, blue eyes beneath crooked restless eyebrows, the merest foam-flecking of sandy grey hair on his bald pink pate, a long black cigar clenched at a belligerent angle above his bulldog jaw. This stubborn little man, wholly British and half American, cocky, droll, grumpy, charming, cherubic, tough, with his head thrust close to his shoulders like a young bull undecided whether to be ferocious or playful, was a man Americans liked at first sight, and at second." (*Time*, 5-1-42.) "As no other statesman, including President Roosevelt, had done, Winnie Churchill sold Washington on the war and on Britain. And he sold America on himself." (*Life*, 5-1-42.) This man takes little time off from his great responsibilities. Ten minutes' respite is sufficient to refresh him. On one of these occasions he was found in the gardens of the White House playing happily with Diana Hopkins and with Falla, the President's Scottie



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Salted Traditions

WE are a sea-minded nation. The intrepid gallantry of our Air Force, the grim enduring qualities of our Army are nothing compared to the traditional belief in the unstained glory of the Royal Navy. Here we have the reason for what may seem to be the unreasoning reactions of the public towards the affair of the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*. Divorced from all other considerations, this was only an incident of war in which the enemy, desperately needing the few warships he can muster, was determined to get them into home ports for necessary repairs as soon as possible. To do this he was—and had to be—prepared to run every risk and to use every cunning device. All this he did, and with success.

Studying the official explanations which have been given, one can only assume that Hitler's naval activities on that day were not confined to the English Channel. There must have been a feinting movement in another part of the sea which also compelled the attention of the Admiralty. Be that as it may, there was one great advantage Hitler had. He had the inestimable advantage of surprise. His intentions may have been divined in advance, and I believe they were, but none could say for certain when he would make the break-away and which route he would choose.

Unrecorded Exploits

AMONG the unrecorded, or unpublished exploits of our Navy in this war there must be many equally determined and as equally successful risks which the British Navy have carried out in all the seas of the world, silently. But Hitler had also the advantage of long-ranging shore batteries on the coast of France to cover his ships against their equals if battle were joined and the weather were not favourable. But the weather was favourable and all Hitler needed was his

aircraft umbrella. This he got from his shore-based aerodromes.

All had been prepared with customary German thoroughness; even then Nazi explanations make it quite clear that they doubted whether these would be sufficient. As it happened, they were sufficient, and the Germans were able to make great propaganda play out of their achievement.

Necessary Diversion

THE propaganda Hitler made out of the Channel affair was much needed, for I accept the report out of Germany that the Russian hammering has, up to this point, blighted belief in Hitler's commandship of the German Army, particularly on the Eastern Front. I am assured that when Hitler assumed the title of Commander-in-Chief of the German Army some time ago, the majority of Germans shuddered. They distrust amateur soldiers more than any other people. So there may be something in the latest reports that Hitler has recalled Field Marshal von Brauchitsch to become commander-in-chief again. The Channel success would be a good cover, or diversion, for this reversal of policy. Of course it may also be an integral part of Hitler's coming spring campaign into which he is going to throw everything. Here will be centred so desperately all Nazi hopes, and Hitler's future.

We must not assume too much in advance. Certainly Stalin does not. He keeps his faith and endeavours to increase the efficiency of his war machine. He knows he will need all the qualities he can muster to meet the oncoming foe. The latest news indicates quite clearly that already the Russian advance, so sedulously sounded for so long by the B.B.C. is slowing down.

Political Repercussions

BUT we are a sea-minded people, and the Channel affair has not been allowed to rest as an incident. At the time of writing we



Big Promotion

Colonel J. J. Llewellyn was appointed to succeed Sir Andrew Duncan as President of the Board of Trade three weeks ago. He is the Unionist Member for Uxbridge, and previously occupied the posts of Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministries of Supply and Aircraft Production, and since 1941 to the Ministry of War Transport.

cannot properly assess the political repercussions, for it comes on the top of a run of reverses in other parts of the world. This is why it assumes importance out of proportion to its real significance. The Prime Minister, though in a mood to challenge all comers, Parliament and people alike, has found it necessary to set up a court of inquiry into some of the aspects of the matter.

Mr. Justice Bucknill, who presided over the inquiry into the loss of the submarine *Thetis*, has been appointed to take charge of the investigations with the help of high Admiralty and Air Ministry officers. Mr. Churchill has promised that any dereliction of duty will be punished. Was there any dereliction of duty, or was it purely the reactions of the Pearl Harbour probe, ordered by President Roosevelt, which compelled the Prime Minister to adopt this course? If this is the only reason, one is compelled to contemplate the increasing

The Inauguration Lunch of the Kinsmen Trust at Grosvenor House

The Kinsmen Trust, an association of the parents of children evacuated to America and Canada, was launched at Grosvenor House. Mrs. Geoffrey Shakespeare sat beside Viscount Bennett, a former and very popular prime minister of Canada, at the inaugural lunch. He is the President of the Trust.

Sir Harry Brittain announced, as Chairman of St. George's School, Harpenden, the intention of the board to offer two annual scholarships for boys or girls from America or Canada. The Kinsmen Trust aims to strengthen the ties already existing between the peoples of the British Commonwealth and of America. More details are given on page 284.

Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare, M.P., a speech-maker at the lunch, sat next to Mrs. Lucie Bemrose, the Founder-Chairman. Her son is in America, and it was his letters from there that inspired her to found the Kinsmen Trust, to try to return the hospitality British children are enjoying in America and Canada.





Back From Singapore

Mr. Duff Cooper, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Lady Diana Duff Cooper arrived in London last week. They left Singapore on January 13 while a daylight air-raid was in progress, and the final stage of their journey was by air from Malta. Mr. Duff Cooper was till recently Resident Minister of Cabinet rank in Singapore.



With The Queen's Messengers

Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, inspected the latest Queen's Messenger Food Convoy in Wales, and is seen chatting to Lady Mary Grosvenor, the Duke of Westminster's younger daughter, who is a volunteer driver. This new convoy is the largest in the country.

contraction of time and space which makes nations in these days so sensitive to common problems.

Service Protagonists

MR. JUSTICE BUCKNILL's inquiry will be held in camera and the findings will not be published. Meanwhile there is mounting criticism of various Services and proposals that they should be reorganised, divided and even torn apart. In my opinion the Services should be left to decide for themselves. They, and they alone, know their strength, and what is more, their duty. If there is not efficient smooth working co-operation—we should assume that there is in the fullest degree—the sooner somebody big enough rises and knocks their heads together and smashes for all time any petty rivalries, the better. This is the task of the Ministry of Defence. There should be no preference, and certainly no deference, for or to any one Service. If the traditions of one Service seem to prevent full appreciation of the developments of modern warfare, they should be made to see their folly. But this is a matter for the Cabinet room and not the House of Commons, regardless of the worth and experience of the outside protagonists on either side.

General Election

POLITICAL reaction to the Channel affair has revived rumours of a General Election first mentioned here a fortnight ago. At that time at least one of the Prime Minister's intimate colleagues and advisers was all in favour of Mr. Churchill appealing to the country in the belief and hope that this would rid the House of Commons of some of the more outspoken critics. A Departmental Committee was set up composed of officials and representatives of the principal parties for the purpose of arranging the revision of the register of electors. There has been no revision since 1935, and the task is one which normally takes at least five months. In the present conditions it might take longer, for the majority of electors have moved.

So, not to be outdone, the originator of the General Election idea—namely Lord Beaverbrook—examined other ways in which Mr. Churchill could hold an election. He hit on the idea that the National Identification

cards would be suitable for the purpose. Other political experts when asked for their advice urged the Prime Minister not to undertake a General Election in wartime. But the idea did not die altogether and has been revived again. Even so it is inconceivable in the opinion of wise men that Mr. Churchill will embark on this course.

Friendly Critic

WATCH the Earl of Winterton. His long arms, pointed fingers and lanky form cast a shadow over the opposition dispatch box in the House of Commons. He is one of the Prime Minister's firm but friendly critics. He has warned him against the adoption of a Fuehrer-like freedom from criticism.

Earl Winterton is a Conservative, but he was as responsible as anybody for insisting that there should be, after so short a space of time, a further debate on the prosecution of the war. He called it a "grand inquest." This is an ominous term. He used it in a fearless but still friendly way.

The truth is, or was, that for some time a breach between the Prime Minister and Parliament has been widening. They have been temporarily out of sympathy, which surprises many people after the Prime Minister's constant reiteration of the assertion that he is not only "a child of the House of Commons," but also "the servant of the House of Commons."

Increased Tension

TENSION at one point last week was high, unnecessarily high in wartime when cool heads, calm minds and, above all, faith are essential qualities in a country which does not get rattled. Why Government spokesmen should accuse Parliamentarians of panic is a mystery. Some people might say our Parliamentarians have been too docile towards their duty. But faith in the destiny of this country is strong in the minds of all men, and is still a beacon light throughout the rest of the world. Yet faith is futile if it is not accompanied by facing facts and correcting mistakes. This, the House of Commons, in the present mood of Members, considers a duty when shocks come one after the other. In the circumstances it is a safe assumption that far-reaching changes in the Government are now inevitable.

They could have been made without any inquest, for compromise has always been the breath in the British body politic.

Trans-Atlantic Accents

LET us pay tribute to Mr. Raymond Gram Swing, whose trans-Atlantic accents have become so well known. Simultaneously with the fall of Singapore he made one of the finest broadcasts to the British people, equalling in sincerity and belief some of the Prime Minister's best radio addresses. His underlying theme was faith in the future. He likened the surrender of Singapore to the collapse of France, but rightly argued that they were not the same. After France fell Britain was alone. With the fall of Singapore we find ourselves supported by the United States, Soviet Russia and China.

I repeat, who can doubt the fullness of our final victory if facts are faced and there is no foolish face-saving in high places. Why should we shun new methods and the trial of new men (preferably under Mr. Churchill's Premiership) if these will strengthen our faith and increase our efficiency? This is not a war of old-time campaigns; it is a world revolution and whether politicians like it or not it is, as the Leftists say, a "people's war."

Traveller's Return

BACK in London from his many experiences, all of which have not been happy, is Mr. Duff Cooper, accompanied by Lady Diana Cooper. They have travelled many thousands of miles and seen men and machines at war in the Pacific at first-hand. Singapore's surrender must have been a bitter personal blow to Mr. Duff Cooper. The news reached him when he was about to leave Cairo, where he had been for three weeks. No blame can be laid at Mr. Duff Cooper's door for what happened in Malaya. He was unlucky. He was sent there too late.

Much as one admires his friend, Sir Shenton Thomas, Governor of the Malay States, it is difficult to reason why he should have remained to become the hostage of the Japanese. Obviously there are good and sound reasons based on tradition, character and outlook of these men who have served the Empire. But haven't these considerations gone by the board in these days of total war?

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

A Good Resolution

I SHALL begin this week with a personal experience that happened to me just before the war. I had gone to spend the week-end at that seaside resort which the doctor said was the best cure for overwork. I determined to go not as a dramatic critic, but in the way that the privileged many who are not dramatic critics go to the theatre.

You must know that it rained and rained. Well, after a time one gets tired of walking up and down an empty promenade in a mackintosh talking to aloof little dogs who don't want to be talked to. You can't ask your hotel porter more than fifteen times in one morning if he thinks it's going to clear up, and when you have done three rounds of the slot machines on the pier you have about exhausted that form of amusement. The library of my hotel seemed to consist entirely of volumes of Miss Agnes Wewton's *My Life Among the Bluejackets*. Now, that is an admirable work—so admirable and so frequently to be met with in seaside hotels that I had already read it nine times. I was bored. So, to relieve the boredom, I thought I would go to the theatre.

Having pulled on stout boots, I then proceeded to stand in a queue of people waiting to book for the evening performance. This was at four o'clock in the afternoon, and at about a quarter to five I had succeeded in getting a seat in the ninth row of stalls. The performance was execrable. The acting of the principals

was deplorable, and very nearly as bad as that of accomplished amateurs.

AND now let me tell you a very remarkable thing, which is that I enjoyed every single moment of the show, enjoyed it much more, in fact, than when I saw the same piece superbly given in London. One of the chief reasons why I have never been able to like musical comedy is the sense of waste which it involves, the discrepancy between the brilliant talents of the clever artists and the fatuity of the material upon which those talents must be expended. I have always the same sort of feeling which one would have if one listened to the London Symphony Orchestra playing, and Sir Thomas Beecham conducting "Polly, Put the Kettle On."

But in that performance at Briny Bay all this sense of discrepancy and waste vanished. If a joke was good—splendid. If it was bad—well, it was still a joke.

The essence of the matter is, of course, the difference between going to a theatre as a critic and going as a simple spectator who has shoved his hard-earned cash through the little box-office window and intends with all his heart and soul and mind to get full return for his money.

It is exactly the same in the films. When the war came I had a little flat in Bognor, which watering place surely disputes with Worthing and Littlehampton the prize for delectability-cum-dullness. One can ride on a tram, it is

true. But where to? Ay, there's the rub. Having got there one can ride back. It is almost as difficult to answer the question: for what purpose?

There were, as I remember, three near-purposes—all of them cinemas. And here, in all of them, just because I paid for entertainment and because there was nothing else to do, I found myself stimulated and excited by pictures which, when I had seen them professionally in London, had induced first lethargy, then torpor, and ultimately stupefaction. Henceforth I formulate a resolution which I should have made long ago. This is always to bear in mind my experiences at Briny Bay and Bognor. After all, there is nothing much to do in any London suburb, and any picture is presumably better than none.

IN view of my good resolution therefore, I pronounce *Captains of the Clouds* (Warners) to be the good picture which in another mood I should certainly say it was not. It tells the old, old story of which I for one am heartily tired, of the air pilot who breaks all the rules, causes the death of a comrade, is turned out of the Air Force and finally by a trick gets taken on again so that ultimately he may save the lives of his squadron in some feat of self-immolation. This was an old story long before the films were invented.

This is the type of hero of whom Montague said in a lecture which I heard him deliver in Manchester over thirty years ago: "The man who does not wear his heart on his sleeve, preferring to wear there a heart much less good than his own: the man who, morally, is a regular lion of generosity, usually crouched, it is true, but quite prepared to do terrific springs of self-devotion if the occasion for them be sufficiently fantastic—the man who 'has his faults,' but still—if he drinks he is 'nobody's enemy except his own,' and at that next-morning hour when a nature radically bad would be simply ringing for soda water, he is delighted to be shot or guillotined for the advantage of comparative strangers."

Mr. Cagney is the crouched lion of the present film, and, of course, he does it very well. There is a lot of Technicolor, which pleases a lot of people. But the film, just because of its story, is less good than a dozen I could mention if I could remember their titles.

WITH my resolution still in mind I shall declare the Soviet film *A Musical Story* (London Pavilion) to be the Russian masterpiece it isn't. The photography suggests that the story happens about six o'clock on a November evening in the midst of a sea fog. But there can be no doubt about the beautiful quality of M. Sergei Lemeshev's voice.

THOSE who are not tired of the Jekyll and Hyde story will find it very well done at The Empire with Spencer Tracy alternating the endearing fellow with the plausible brute. There is a good performance by Miss Ingrid Bergman, and Miss Lana Turner looms large as the lovely which Stevenson wisely left out.



Bob Hope in Film Version of Broadway Smash Hit Musical (Plaza)

"Louisiana Purchase" as a musical comedy drew packed houses on Broadway a couple of years ago. Now, under the direction of Irving Cummings, it has been transferred to the screen by Paramount, who have retained three of the four original stage principals: Vera Zorina, Victor Moore and Irene Bordoni. Story is of a U.S. senator who makes a commendable but unsuccessful attempt to clean up and ration the wine, women and graft of New York City. Bob is made the scapegoat of a gang of political tricksters. With Zorina's help, he outwits them all. Fun is fast and furious, there are gorgeous scenes in Technicolor and the story moves with speed and hilarity. Irving Berlin contributes three numbers: "Louisiana Purchase," "You're Lonely and I'm Lonely" and "Tomorrow is a Lovely Day." Left, above: Bob is seen with two lovelies. Right: Zorina vamps the incorruptible senator, Victor Moore

Men of the Moment



Captain Robert Davies, R.E., played an important part in the removal of an unexploded bomb from outside St. Paul's Cathedral last year. He was thanked by the King at a recent investiture and decorated with the George Cross. His wife and daughter accompanied him to the Palace



Wing Commander Hughie Edwards took his bride, the former Mrs. Cherry Beresford, and her mother to see him decorated with the V.C. and D.F.C. Wing Commander Edwards is the first Australian V.C. in this war. We owe much to his gallantry and determination in attacking Bremen at a critical time



Flight Lieutenant G. F. L. Coates, the officer commanding the high-speed launch base at Dover, was awarded the D.S.C. for "fine co-operation with the Navy" in the New Year Honours List. He is the first R.A.F. officer to receive the D.S.C.—which is the naval equivalent of the M.C.—in this war



Men Who Took Part in the Great Sea and Air Battle Against the German Battleships

Sub-Lieutenant E. Lee is the only man out of eighteen gallant companions to survive uninjured the heroic attack of six torpedo-laden Swordfish on the enemy battleships "Scharnhorst," "Gneisenau" and "Prinz Eugen." He was picked up in the Channel by one of our motor torpedo boats. For nearly half an hour, these Swordfish were our only planes, striking at an enemy force of greatly superior strength. Sub-Lieut. Lee is seen reporting to the commanding officer of the airport

Captain J. P. Wright commanded one of the little destroyers which followed H.M.S. "Campbell" through a curtain of fire into the fight. Action took place between fourteen and twenty miles off the Dutch coast and lasted little more than ten minutes. Many torpedoes were fired and "we definitely got hits"

Captain C. T. M. Pizey was in command of the leading destroyer H.M.S. "Campbell." He has already been mentioned twice in dispatches and was awarded the D.S.O. for "zeal and devotion" at Narvik. This photograph of Captain Pizey with Lieutenant A. E. Fanning, his navigation officer, and Lieutenant M. M. Collings, gunnery officer, was taken on return to port after the unsuccessful, but no less gallant, action in the Channel

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

On Approval (Aldwych)

HERE are two revivals, the first (unexpectedly) being a revival of the theatre orchestra. This takes one back. Let us hope it also takes one forward. For, speaking generally, live and lively fiddlers are jollier, though admittedly more expensive, than inanimate and unexhilarating grinding-machines, exercising over the atmosphere of the auditorium a more humanising influence.

Possibly it is the small number of people involved in *On Approval* (the other revival) that makes an orchestra in this case economically unalarming. There are only four characters in Frederick Lonsdale's comedy—short commons even in wartime. But four amusing characters are better than fourteen dull ones. And, after all, reckoning up the times it is possible for these four characters to be on the stage alone, in pairs, in threes, and all together, this allows fifteen variations if the author cares to avail himself of them and if my mathematics are not at fault.

On Approval, which was first produced in 1927, holds its ground (with *Hay Fever*) as one of the best of the "post-war" comedies. True, it does not seem as daring as it did fifteen years ago—but then, does anything? True, again, the well-to-do classes driven by an absence of servants to do their own shopping and their own cooking and their own housework presents a situation that is no longer abnormal. But the characters are so amusingly drawn and the dialogue is so amusingly

written that we are continuously diverted by this comedy of selfish and unselfish people.

The two selfish characters are now played by Cathleen Nesbitt (with her claws out) and Barry K. Barnes (with his tongue out); the two unselfish characters by Diana Churchill (with a dander that steadily rises within her) and Eric Cowley (with scales that suddenly fall from his eyes).

Unselfish Miss Churchill pines to marry selfish Mr. Barnes. Unselfish Mr. Cowley pines to marry selfish Miss Nesbitt. Miss Nesbitt, not sure that Mr. Cowley is good enough for her, requires him to live in the same house with her for a month "on approval." Miss Churchill and Mr. Barnes act as unwelcome chaperones. When, however, it comes to the point of decision, it is not the selfish but the unselfish ones who jib. The worms turn (always a popular sight on the stage).

And so, at the finish, we see Miss Churchill and Mr. Cowley making a bolt for it and leaving Miss Nesbitt and Mr. Barnes, who detest one another (hasn't Miss Nesbitt pulled Mr. Barnes's nose?), to fend for themselves in a snowed-up house and to cure one another of the disease which must be cured before they can be accepted as possible mates by their absconding but still faithful lovers.

THE acting is excellent. Miss Churchill looks so elegant with her hair up in the first act that I can't help feeling sorry she lets it flop in the last two. Her acting in that



George, twelfth Duke of Bristol, is cruel, conceited and ill-mannered. Yet he is loved by Helen, heiress daughter of a pickle profiteer. Helen is brilliantly portrayed by Diana Churchill, in private life Mrs. Barry K. Barnes, opposite her husband as the intolerable Duke of Bristol

first act is as elegant as her hair. Later she exhibits a skilful mastery of comedy, followed by a brilliant emotional outburst beautifully spaced as to breathing. She has, in short, become an unusually accomplished actress of whom, provided she gets the parts, which most

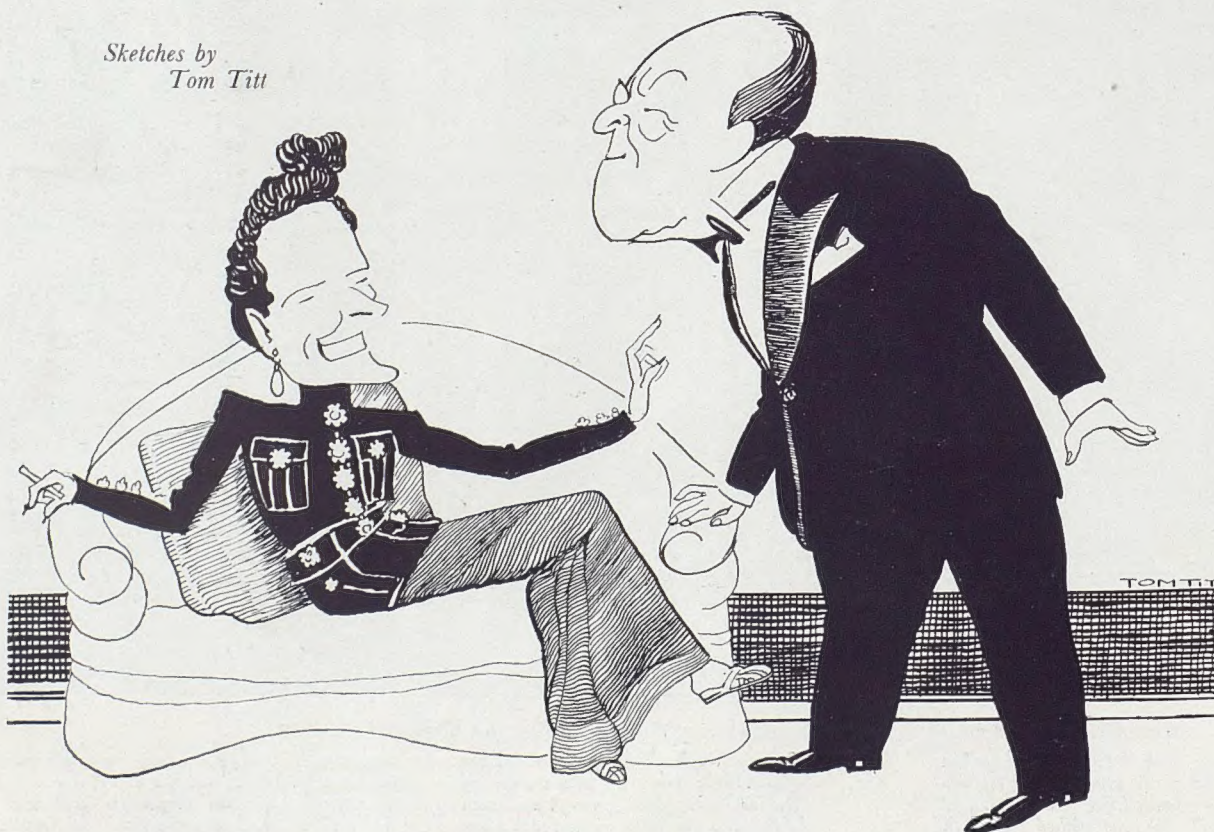
unusually accomplished actresses don't, much may be expected.

Miss Nesbitt turns herself into perhaps just a little bit too much of a cat. After all, somebody has got to fall in love with her and somebody has got not to see through her. But whether her reading is right or wrong, her execution is highly effective.

Mr. Barnes is airy, impudent and (as he should be) indolently offensive. Is he, however, a Duke of Bristol? Never having met even a young duke, I cannot speak from experience; but I imagine that they have a greater veneer of breeding than Mr. Barnes permits himself to display. This is where Ronald Squire scored in the part, for no actor can be at once better bred and ruder than he.

As for Mr. Cowley, he is a continual delight. A better or a nicer mull never came out of a dressing-room. And a more amiable actor rarely entered one.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Cathleen Nesbitt plays Mrs. Wislack, wealthy widow who decides that marriage should be preceded by a period "on approval." Eric Cowley as the too-kindly lover who has faithfully admired from a distance for many years, is the one who unexpectedly profits by the period on approval



Anthony

Comus and the Lady

Ballet is a magpie art, thieving unscrupulously from the rich stores of its sisters, here a poem, there a picture, and from somewhere else a symphony. Sometimes its thefts stir the critic's fury; sometimes a true creator's touch reveals new magic in old beauty, translating for to-day's public the remoter language of another century. Robert Helpmann, the latest thief, has stolen "Comus" from Milton's pages. From this masque of 300 years ago he and Oliver Messel, who designed the settings and dresses, and Constant Lambert, who arranged the Purcell music, have made a new and lovely work of art. It is Helpmann's first ballet, and proves at once that this brilliant actor-dancer is also a choreographer of exceptional talent: musical, expressive, as sensitive to tradition's demands as he is subtly original in his response to those demands, astonishingly sure in his handling both of individual dancers and of the grouping and mass movements of his corps de ballet. Helpmann himself plays Comus (and delivers two of Comus's speeches during the ballet); Margot Fonteyn is the Lady who falls into his power, but whose virtue is proof against all his pagan beguilements. More pictures of the ballet will be shown when the Sadler's Wells Company return to London

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

The Queen Visits Ferry Pilots

NOTHING interests the Queen more than the part that women are taking in the war, and her Majesty was delighted the other day when she went with the King to the secret headquarters of the R.A.F. "Ferry Service"—more officially known as the Air Transport Auxiliary—to find that women are not only acting as pilots, and flying new Spitfires, Hurricanes and bombers from the factories to R.A.F. stations, but are taking on the much more difficult job of instructing new recruits.

Miss Pauline Gower, who taught scores of women to fly in peacetime, and who is now Commandant of the Women's Section of the A.T.A., had a long talk with the Queen, and told her there was plenty of room for more women with experience of flying—which means actual piloting, and not just a few cross-Channel flips as a passenger. The Queen told her she would mention it to any of her friends who are interested in flying. Commandant Pauline, who went to Buckingham Palace a few days earlier to receive the O.B.E., has been flying herself for twelve years. She dislikes being referred to as the first woman to gain an "A" pilot's licence, which she was not. But she is proud of the fact that she is the first woman to hold both the "A" and "B" licences as a pilot, a second-class navigator's licence and a Post Office radio operator's licence.



Married in Cheshire

Captain Peter Rouse Addison Birley, R.A., and Miss Rosamond Mary Joseph were married at St. Mary's Church, Alsager, Cheshire. Captain Birley is the eldest son of Captain Charles F. Birley and the late Mrs. Birley, and his bride is the elder daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Joseph, of the Hall, Alsagar. She is in the W.R.N.S., as is her sister, Miss Cynthia Joseph, who was a bridesmaid

I noticed that her Majesty paid a graceful compliment to the Service on this occasion by wearing the R.A.F. wings as a brooch in her hat.

Motoring Mishaps

THE Duchess of Kent was little the worse for the bad shaking she had when her car skidded into the back of a lorry as she was being driven to London the other day, though the radiator and the front wings of the car were pretty badly damaged, which is no little affair in these days of no spare parts.

When the Duke heard by telephone of the crash, he was not surprised, and told a friend that, with the roads in their ice-bound state, he had himself been expecting an accident every ten miles during the eight hundred mile tour of R.A.F. stations he had completed that morning! Modestly, the Duke attributed his escape from even a minor crash to good luck, but I think good driving is a truer explanation. H.R.H. is certainly the keenest motorist in the Royal Family, and one of the best and steadiest, as well as fastest, drivers on the road.

One of his worst experiences, when superb driving skill got him out of bad trouble, happened on one of the German "auto-bahnen" a year or two before the war, as he was driving home from a holiday visit to Yugoslavia. With the speedometer-needle hovering over the ninety-five mark, he was revelling in the exhilaration of speed, when, without warning, one of the front tyres went flat. At that speed it was enough to overturn most drivers, but the Duke clung to the wheel, slowed gradually, and brought the car to rest on an even keel. Then he took his coat off, and helped to change the wheel.

King and Premier

LIKE all of us, the King has been following sadly the grave news from the East. His Majesty, of course, has continually in front of him the secret reports of our Commanders-in-Chief in all theatres of war, as well as the equally confidential reports of the proceedings of the War Cabinet, and high staff officers of the Navy, Army and Air Force are regular visitors to the palace to explain in detail various points of tactics.

Large scale maps and charts specially prepared in the Ops. Rooms in Whitehall help the King to form an exact picture of the position.

Every week, too, his Majesty has an hour's talk with the Prime Minister about the general developments of the war. To save time for these two busiest men in the Empire, their talk goes on over lunch, which, by the way, is invariably a simple, two-course meal, followed by black coffee.

The King and Mr. Churchill are entirely alone on these weekly occasions. To leave them quite free for the most secret discussions, the Queen arranges to lunch with a friend, or sometimes to have a separate lunch served in her own rooms.

Diplomatic Hens

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS's attractive wife has succumbed to the fascinations of domestic poultry keeping, and is among the latest notable additions to the long list of women with their own small pens of pullets.

Not that she is any stranger to country pursuits generally. Neither she nor her husband has ever had any desire for London's social life, and before their departure to Russia, their home near Stroud, in Gloucestershire, was one of those peaceful, picturesque retreats which it was always a joy to visit and which gave them both, and their family, all the interests they needed. They have settled down



Poole, Dublin

Trainbearers and Their Mother

Madame FitzGerald and her daughters, Fiola and Rachel, were at the Poole-Brabazon wedding, at which the two little girls were trainbearers. Madame FitzGerald is the wife of the twenty-eighth Knight of Glin, of Glin Castle, Co. Limerick, holder of an ancient Irish title

again in the same neighbourhood, and their daughter, Diana, is Lady Cripps's first assistant with the chickens.

Diana went to Russia with her parents, having spent the last few weeks before their departure in a race to learn as much as she could of conversational Russian, one of the most difficult languages in the whole of Europe. That she mastered some of it gave great pleasure to the folk in Moscow, where the Ambassador's wife and daughter were both extremely popular.

Lady Cripps will be able to exchange poultry-keeping ideas with Mrs. Anthony Eden, who has eight hens at her country home. These supply Mr. Eden with a good deal of interest during the rare week-ends when he is able to slip away from London, and Mrs. Eden declares that he always knows better than anybody else just how many eggs have been laid each day.

End of Hunting

ANOTHER few days and fox-hunting will be over for this season. All the joy of runs in the high country, of hunting a May fox, are being given up in the national interest, and those who had looked forward to being out on warm spring mornings by way of compensation for the many cold, wet "duty runs" so far must give up those pleasant dreams until the war is over.

Duty, rather than sport, has been uppermost in the mind of the M.F.H. right through this season, anyway. There have been no "open" meets, and hunting has been curtailed to the minimum—just enough to keep down the foxes and so prevent the destruction by them of crops and stock.

Young folk in the country have not had time to miss very badly what is usually their sole interest in life through the winter. Most of our best known hunting men are in the Services; their women-folk are busy with Civil Defence and the Red Cross. The hunt balls were colourful episodes which belonged to pre-war pleasures, and, because they have been so essentially a part of English life in the past, will doubtless be revived again when peace returns.

New Russian Entertainment

"MOSCOW BELLS," described as an "Anglo-Russian Spectacle," opens at the Coliseum on March 2nd. There was a party at the Coliseum to discuss it, with real vodka and delicious Russian things to eat. The show is to combine a variety of things—episodes



Major E. M. Poole, R.A., and Miss Elizabeth Maitland Brabazon Were Married in Ireland

Poole, Dublin

The Earl and Countess of Meath, uncle and aunt of Miss Betty Brabazon, were at her wedding and at the reception afterwards. Lord Meath and the bride's father are brothers, and Lady Meath, formerly Lady Aileen May Wyndham Quin, is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Dunraven

The bride's parents, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Claud and Mrs. Brabazon, held a reception after their daughter's wedding, at Fasseroe, their place near Bray, Co. Wicklow. Colonel Brabazon, a very well-known Irish yachtsman, was formerly in the Irish Guards

Major Evered Mansfield Poole and Miss Elizabeth Maitland Brabazon, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Claud and Mrs. Brabazon, were married at St. Brigid's Church, Co. Wicklow. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. W. M. Poole and the Hon. Mrs. Poole, of Beckley, Sussex

from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, *Sadko*; "humor-
esques" featuring Delia Lipinskaya, who will
sing her theme song, "Chiki-Chiki"; a new
ballet, "The Building of Russia," devised by
Nadejda Nicolaeva-Legat to music by Proko-
fiëff, and several other novelties.

Vera Charova and Eugene Iskoldoff jointly
present the show, Boris Nevolin is producing,
and Serge Krish conducting. Lukomsky, Benois
and Bilibin are doing the décor, Nadia Benois
the clothes, and among the singers is Lena
Menova, the daughter of Stella Arbenina, who
was born in Petrograd and brought up there
by her Russian grandmother.

Epstein Private View

THIS occasion filled the Leicester Galleries,
and the sculptor's wife and daughter, the
latter in a leopard-skin coat, were there to
support him. Looking very pretty were those
charming twins, Mrs. Rothenstein and Mrs. Fitz-
gerald: they have the refreshingly "different"
sort of good looks which were more usual fifty
years ago. Kathleen Lady Domville was well
hatted and coated against the cold, and Lady

Cohen and Mrs. Eveleigh Nash were there, as
they are at most functions.

"Jacob and the Angel" was, of course, the
chief attraction, and it practically filled the
room itself, smooth and pink, like a great block
of Rose Geranium soap. Another room was
full of Dod Procter pictures.

Lunch and Première

THERE was a big lunch-party at the Savoy
before the première of *Hellzapoppin*.
Flanagan and Allen were the guests of honour,
as they are considered to be the counterparts
in this country of the film's comedians, Olsen
and Johnson; and they both made funny
speeches. Another of the guests was Nat
Gubbins, sad-looking creator of Sally The Cat,
The Sweep, Mr. Lucifer, The Sparrow, and all
the rest. Mr. Maurice Ostrer was among the
film magnates there; Mrs. Leslie Arliss was in
lovely red foxes, and Miss Mae Murray was
coping with everything in an attractive black hat.

The film is uproarious surrealism, with Red
Indians on horses galloping through love scenes,
blondes in hell turning on spits, and a theme

song with the justifiable line "Anything may
happen, and it probably will."

First Night

"ON APPROVAL" must have had a good
many first nights since its original one:
a cast of only four probably makes it a favourite
to revive. It is very classy stuff, with one of
the four a Duke and a twelfth one at that,
pretty swell considering the comparative new-
ness of Dukedom as titles at all. Barry K.
Barnes strolls about in this part in much the
same way as he does when being an adventurous
newspaper man in films, and gets all the laughs
there are in the studiously brittle lines. His
wife, Diana Churchill, is very sweet and nice
and pretty as the profiteer's daughter, though
it seems very odd that she should change from
perfectly suitable tweeds into a sort of ski-ing
suit to go for a walk in Scotland. Cathleen
Nesbitt and Eric Cowléy do well as the older
couple.

There didn't seem to be anyone much in the
audience: Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cochran in a box
and Sir Louis and Lady Sterling excepted.

(Concluded on page 284)



Smiling at the Meurice

Captain Jack Profumo and Mrs. Fiske were recent diners-out
at the Meurice. He is the M.P. for Kettering, and is in the
Northamptonshire Yeomanry, and an Air Intelligence Liaison
Officer. Mrs. Fiske is the widow of Pilot Officer Billy Fiske, who was
killed in the Battle of Britain. Her first husband was the Earl of Warwick



Straebe

Pensive at the Landsdowne

Major and Mrs. Anthony Stocker were a thoughtful couple
having dinner one night at the Landsdowne. She was Miss
Peta Davis, one of the prettiest débutantes of her year.
Her husband is in the Royal Hussars. They have a
son called Michael, and a daughter, born last December

One Star Differeth From Another

**Risë Stevens, Youngest-Teamed Star**

Risë Stevens made her screen début with Nelson Eddy in "The Chocolate Soldier," a film based on Molnar's "The Guardsman," with music by Oscar Straus. She is a star of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Her voice is lovely, her eyes are naturally mocking, she has a rare sense of comedy and she is easy on the eyes. Can you ask for more of any star?

Below: Lana Turner, a Particular, Beauteous Star

Lana's latest picture in this country is "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in which she appears with Spencer Tracy. Maybe you'll remember her better as the good little girl who graduated from sweaters to night gowns when she met the sardonic, irresistible he-man Clark Gable in "Honky Tonk"

**Katharine Hepburn, Fiery Star of Moods and Fancies**

Katharine Hepburn's new film, "A Woman of the Year," written specially for her and for Spencer Tracy, is being shown in America now. It may reach England any time. Katharine from childhood has been seriously interested in the theatre. Her first success was on Broadway. Her latest, "Philadelphia Story," is her greatest personal success to date, both as a play and a film



Greta Garbo. "The Stars Are Unto Her As Raiment"

"Swedish Sphinx," "Hollywood's Mystery Woman," call her what you will, Garbo remains in the opinion of many the most brilliant star of all. The Garbo legend of silence and inscrutability is not without foundation. It is based on a genuinely natural shyness and an overpowering and sincere desire for privacy. The first press interview with Garbo on record when she arrived in Hollywood, an unknown girl from Sweden, is interesting. In reply to the torrent of questions which threatened to overwhelm her, she said: "I was born. I lived in a house. I work. What difference does it make?" Her latest film, "Two-faced Woman," has shown Garbo capable of delightful comedy. It is possible that her next will be more serious, based on the life of Madame Curie.

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SLOGGER ALEXANDER POPE, the well-known poet, should be alive to attend to the designers of the vast, expensive, and abandoned naval base of Singapore, to whom, an authority recently pointed out in the *Times*, it apparently never occurred that one of the world's great bases could be attacked by the mainland or back door, rendering it swiftly as useless a monument as the Maginot Line.

Thinking on this enormous scale would have inspired the Slogger to another sparkling canto of the *Dunciad*, we guess, without affecting the stupendous music of his finale, celebrating the Triumph of Dullness, which we find ourselves constantly murmuring in cheerful or pensive mood:

Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is restor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word,
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal Darkness buries all.

Démenti

FURTHER, we don't think Pope would have fallen into the unjust error of assuming that chaps who construct vital one way Naval bases or design costly West End theatres in every degree perfect except

that they lack dressing rooms—a celebrated instance is known—are necessarily born like it. "Why, Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, Sir, is not in Nature." The Doctor knew his onions, and we're always quoting him in indignant defence of the Whitehall boys, a fine body of chaps too often maligned by the thoughtless and the lewd.

Job

SUCCESSING as Minister of Arms to Dr. Todt, the master engineer who built roads like the Romans is a sleek young Herr Speer, an architect whom Mr. Ward Price describes as owing his good fortune to encouraging Hitler's admiration of Hitler's architectural genius.

It is curious that though Napoleon himself never discovered a sparetime Heaven-born gift for any of the arts, his little imitators invariably do. Kaiser Wilhelm II. barged into a number of arts and even composed a deplorable opera. Most Big Business Napoleons, like Hitler, express their grandiose restlessness in terms of architecture, terrorising some architect-serf and giving him the most execrable orders to carry out under pain of death. Hence those frightful palaces in Florida and Surrey in the Metro-Goldwyn-Tudor or the Prusso-Aztec style, with harems of synthetic marble in Palladio-Corbusier-Mauresque, enriched with gold grilles in the Debased Byzantine manner. No wonder the fretful inmates of these seraglios give Big Business moguls hell, so that they charge into their offices of a morning cursing and firing their unfortunate slaves right and left. Economists lack the moral courage, the poor desiccated prunes, to attack our big national economic and unemployment problems at their source, which is the R.I.B.A., and you can quote us. Ring up the boys in the back room at Portland Place (WELbeck 5721) and say Mrs. Hope-Fanshawe says their stinking lack of spirit is making Désirée grieve.

Sanctions

REMARKING of the late diva Calvé, creator of Bizet's *Carmen*, that "the good lady was utterly unmusical," a Sunday paper



"—Quite a lot of correspondence this morning"

critic added with smooth and pardonable satisfaction that that was more than any critic could have said, during the lady's lifetime.

Sweating terror of our fantastic laws of libel certainly keeps the critic boys to heel, which is why all printed British criticism is either colourless or adulatory. If the offended artist is a woman—whether a buxom wench like Calvé or a dear little fragile, tearful actress—damages may be terrific; if a man—e.g., Whistler—he may only get a farthing (Whistler probably put the jury's back up by being a noted wit), but the principle is the same. To be a professional critic in this man's country therefore you have to have (a) a complete set of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and (b) extreme nervous tension. Other occupational risks include being clawed to death at parties and beaten up by publishers' thugs. It is not a nice life, nor are critics, generally speaking, nice people.

Where you do or did get free musical criticism in this country is in Portsmouth, where the ageing music hall soubrette (if you remember) received the razz from several dissatisfied sailors in the gallery till an enormous Marine voice bawled: "Give the poor ole cōw a chawnce, cawn'tya?" And back came the heartfelt cry from the stage: "Thank Gawd there's one gen'leman in the 'ouse!" How often, how painfully, have we missed that Marine at Covent Garden.

Ovoidery

EGG JOKES are in the B.B.C. variety market again, we observe; not terribly good ones, but neither is the current egg. Moreover, a gossip boy who whimsily averred the other day that the only known British egg of any social importance is Humpty Dumpty was talking through his pixie cap.

Two other notable eggs have graced our rough Island Story, namely Augustus Egg, the Victorian R.A., and Mr. Egg the Regency balloon king. Mr. Egg of the Academy had a considerable vogue as a romantic painter. The earlier Mr. Egg apprised the nobility and gentry in 1816 of a project for a steam balloon capable of conveying 20 elegant passengers from London to Paris in ten hours instead of the usual three days. When last encountered he was "prosecuting the undertaking in a building at Brompton," and the nobility and gentry heard no more. Mr. Egg exists in our mind as a shining

(Concluded on page 266)



"I believe her Grace is in the bath, my Lord, but I'll go and see"

The Duchess of Kent at the London Première of "Captains of the Clouds"



Captain Harold Balfour, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Air, arrived with Wing Commander Woolf Barnato



Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey met many old friends in the foyer. Mr. Vincent Massey is High Commissioner for Canada



Canadian pilots formed a guard of honour for the Duchess of Kent when she arrived at the theatre

Three film premières, which took place simultaneously in London, New York and Ottawa, marked the opening by Warner's of *Captains of the Clouds*. Many well known personalities saw the first night showing in London. The film is dedicated to the Royal Canadian Air Force, on whose authority and co-operation it was made. Magnificent facilities were granted to the director, Michael Curtiz. Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, V.C., gave his personal support. The actual performance of normal duties at a training-school forms much of the background. Stars of the film are James Cagney, Dennis Morgan, Alan Hale and Brenda Marshall



Air Vice-Marshal Edwards, Air Officer-in-Chief, Royal Canadian Air Force, arrived early and chatted with Major Atlee, Lord Privy Seal, and Mrs. Atlee



Happy first-nighters are Dr. Wellington Koo, the Chinese Ambassador in Great Britain, and Mme. Koo. Dr. Wellington Koo is very popular in diplomatic circles



Lady Rachel Stewart listened seriously to General Worthington, who commands the Canadian Armoured Division

Air Marshal Sir John Salmond arrived well wrapped up against the wintry blast, with Lady Salmond. Lady Salmond is Lord Desborough's elder daughter

Lord Stansgate, the former Air Commodore Wedgwood Benn, a peer of 1942, took keen interest in the film

Lady Sinclair, mindful of dark nights, had her torch with her. She is with Sir John Abraham, the Deputy Under-Secretary of State, Air Ministry



Standing By ...

(Continued)

hopeful oval face surrounded by nuts, elastic, bolts, steam, string, rubber, and the dumb aborigines of Brompton; just one more optimist who has failed to cash in on the historic ennui of the old Norman Blood, forever cold and lymphatic, as Barbey d'Aurevilley said, except when lashed by novelty or drink.

He'd never have attained the social level of his namesake Augustus, anyhow. R.A.s are permitted to hit rich women back (see Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Constitutions*, 1768).

Snoop

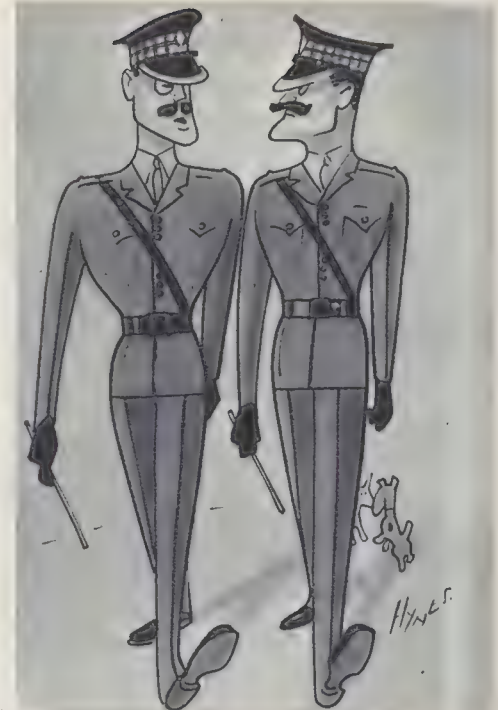
PROFESSORS OBERDORFFER AND BRANDT, those innocent German bughunters armed with butterfly-nets and tommyguns who clashed with our patrols while stirring up trouble in Afghanistan, got off less lightly than the two foreign gentlemen who came up against Kim, as you remember.

In those days it was the Russians whose secret agents kept snooping round the Khyber Pass, causing the brasshats of Simla to toy anxiously with their over-luxuriant moustaches, to finger their high collars, and to miss, maybe, a rendezvous with Mrs. Hawksbee or Mrs. Reiver; no great loss by modern standards when you recall the quaintly repulsive coiffures and costumes of the period. Though indeed a travelled chap tells us Kipling's types remain independent of costume, and in any modern P. and O. boat from or to Bombay you mingle with the same Pluffleses and Reivers and Golightlys, Hauksbees and Tarrions, Mannerings and Pansays; which must, at times, be very disconcerting.

Guard

MR. RUPERT DE LA BERE's questions in the House about the B.B.C.'s "private army," alleged to be kept in Home Guard uniform at the public expense, are timely, our spies report.

The essential difference between this corps



"I wanted a quiet wedding, but Hermione insists on bagpipes"

Old Bill: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"... Hazel and Doris send their love, and your wife has asked me to play your favourite tune for you, Bill. Here it is: 'It Always Rains Before the Rainbow'"

of bravoos and the only other private army in Great Britain, which is—correct us if wrong—the Duke of Argyll's, is striking. Nobody has been inconvenienced of late years by the Duke's forces in his capital, Inveraray, except an unfortunate Southerner we heard of who was killed recently for publicly criticising a Campbell who turned out afterwards to be a bookie of Oriental extraction. Whereas by all accounts the B.B.C.'s forces, "red-eyed with insolence and lust" (Mr. Timothy Shy), swagger to and fro exchanging dubious jests, appraising good women's ankles, like Lord George Hell, and forcing the timorous populace with threats to listen-in to the most terrible B.B.C. comedians, not to speak of the sinister giggly-wiggles of the Brains Trust.

The dictatorship they serve should find its *sbirri* a more dashing uniform than our drab Home Guard battledress, one feels. The gaudy turbans and flowing trouserings of the Janissaries of Abdul the Damned seem an obvious first choice.

Blow

CLEANLINESS being infinitely more esteemed as a theory by the Island Race than godliness, it wasn't surprising that the Fleet Street boys announced the sombre news about soap rationing with their loudest front-page megaphones.

Except Auntie *Times*. Auntie tucked the new regulations away on Page 2 ("Home News"), as if her little readers didn't wash much—a thought as fantastic as that belief of the Japanese, who boil themselves pink daily, that the average British sahib fresh and glowing from the tub is a dirty barbarian. Our information is that *Times* readers wash themselves with anxious, scrupulous care, and are particularly addicted to the loofah ("all the world loves a loofah"—Tennyson), and that Auntie's behaviour was dictated merely by gentlewomanly decorum and reticence. Suspicion, if any, our informant added, attaches to the Fleet Street boys, who were far too noisy to be sincere. Look behind their ears, my Lord.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

The Younger Generation

Helping the War Effort



Miss Anthea Hodson

Yvonne Gregory

Anthea Hodson is the only daughter of Sir Charlton and Lady Hodson, of Rotherfield Greys, Oxfordshire. She is working as a V.A.D. in a Red Cross Convalescent Hospital near her home. Sir Charlton is a Judge of the High Court. He served in the last war with the 7th Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, from 1914 to 1919. In 1921 he was called to the Bar.



Miss Elizabeth Wyndham

Pearl Freeman

Elizabeth Wyndham is the adopted daughter of Lord and Lady Leconfield. She joined the Red Cross at the beginning of the war, but has now decided that she would prefer to drive for one of the Forces. Seriously minded, she is extremely interested in the study of psychology and philosophy. Lord Leconfield is Lord-Lieutenant of Sussex.



Miss Angela Deane

Harlip

Angela Deane is the younger daughter of Mr. Gerald Deane, and of Mrs. K. St. Croix Rose. She is a great-niece of the late Sir Collingwood Hughes on her father's side, and of the late Sir Philip Rose on her mother's. Miss Deane is a member of the British Red Cross Society, and has been doing full-time hospital work as a V.A.D. Before the war she spent a lot of time in Ireland with her sister, whose husband, Major Dominick Browne, a kinsman of Lord Kilmaine, was Joint-Master of the "Galway Blazers," with Major Bowes Daly and the late Marquess of Sligo.

Miss Elizabeth Stafford

Elizabeth Stafford is the only daughter of Captain Robert Stafford, M.C., and of Mrs. Stafford. Her mother is well known as the composer Margaret Woolmer. One of her brothers, Paul Stafford, I.P., is A.D.C. to Sir Roger Lumley, Governor of Bombay; the other is in the Royal Marines. For the past year, Elizabeth Stafford has been doing canteen work.

Bertram Park

Miss Paddy Duncan

Paddy Duncan is the eighteen-year-old daughter of the late Walter Duncan and of Mrs. Duncan. She speaks three languages, and is a V.A.D. nurse. Mrs. Duncan is vice-chairman of Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, to be held on March 14th. One of her daughters, Marjorie, married the Hon. John Grimston, second son of the Earl of Verulam, in 1938.

Lenore





Faccombe Manor Stands 800 Feet Above Sea-Level in Hampshire

Family Reunion

The Hon. Eric and the Hon. Mrs. Butler-Henderson Entertain Their Children and Grandchildren

The Hon. Eric Butler-Henderson and the Hon. Mrs. Butler-Henderson had a large family gathering at their Hampshire home, Faccombe Manor, when the Army leave of two of their sons and of both their sons-in-law coincided. The Hon. Eric Brand Henderson, the younger son of the late Lord Faringdon, married the Hon. Sophia Isobel (Zoe) Massey, daughter of the late Lord Clarina, and assumed the additional name of Butler at the time of his marriage in 1910. Mr. Butler-Henderson bought Faccombe Manor in 1927, and farms the estate himself, on modern mechanised lines. His wife is also interested in farming, and has her own herd of pedigree Red Poll cattle. Mrs. Butler-Henderson is very busy doing national service work, and looking after the welfare of local evacuee children



A Family Group at Faccombe

The whole house-party, dogs included, assembled at the front door while the sun did its best for the photographer. In the picture are: Captain Patrick Butler-Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Butler-Henderson and their daughter, Jane; Captain and Mrs. G. Wordsworth and their son, Anthony; the Hon. Eric Butler-Henderson, Mrs. Pat Wigan and her son, Desmond; the Hon. Mrs. Butler-Henderson, Kenneth Butler-Henderson, and Captain Pat Wigan



Kirton Red Fox III., one of the magnificent Red Poll bulls belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Butler-Henderson, appreciates a little attention from his owner

Right:

Three Generations

In this picture, the Hon. Mrs. Butler-Henderson is seen with her two daughters, Doreen and Mary, and Una, wife of her eldest son, and three of her grandchildren. Doreen, on the left, with Anthony on her knee, married Captain John G. Wordsworth in 1937; next to her is her elder sister, Mary, wife of Captain Pat Wigan, with her son Desmond. On the right is Mrs. Lionel Butler-Henderson, formerly Una Fenwick, whose daughter Jane is four years old



Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Butler-Henderson took Jane to stay at Facombe with her grandparents. Mr. Butler-Henderson is a Lieutenant in a Field Regiment, R.A., and married Una Fenwick in 1936



Captain and Mrs. Pat Wigan's only child, Desmond, was born last June. Mrs. Wigan, who was married in 1939, is the elder daughter of the Butler-Hendersons. Her husband is in the London Yeomanry



The Hon. Mrs. Butler-Henderson gives Anthony and Jane a ride on her back, while Desmond directs operations sitting on her neck

Jane exerts her charm for the benefit of her grandfather. The Hon. Eric Butler-Henderson has four grandchildren, and Jane is the eldest





Outside the Great Gates of Kieff, the acolytes, courtesans, urchins and merchants, all typical Russian figures, romp together in happy abandon

Below: In Devout Attitudes the Novices Gather Before the Gates

“The Great Gates of Kieff”

A New Mussorgsky Ballet

In the second and revised London season of Russian opera and ballet, which Mr. Jan Pomeroy has brought to the Adelphi Theatre, under the musical direction of M. Fistoulari, a new ballet, *The Great Gates of Kieff*, is danced before the opera *Sorotchinski Fair*. The music is that of Mussorgsky's *Pictures from an Exhibition*. Kieff, the ancient capital and holy city of Russia, is shown in the mid-nineteenth century. Merchants, nuns, priests, beggars and courtesans parade in the square before the gates. The gates open, the spirit of abandon disappears, and the whole company join devoutly in a psalm of praise. Choreography is by Catherine Devillier, late of the Moscow Operatto, who is also responsible for the ballet *Night on the Bare Mountain*

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Tania Dure, Unity Grantham and
Hedia Redoviz are three of the novices





The children play together in the sun. Tom Lindon as a street urchin, with the child Gladys Walton



Diana Gould, as a coquette, smiles invitingly at the rich merchants who surround her

The rich merchant and his sumptuously dressed wife: Lou van Yek and Daphne Anderson dance together



The rich girls of the town surround the merchant, vying with each other for his favours



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Hawk's-eye View

MR. JOHN GUNTHER—of *Inside Europe* and *Inside Asia*—has now given us *Inside Latin America* (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.). The flair that gets Mr. Gunther to the right places at the right moments makes him deliver books at the right time. With every month of the war, the Republics that make up Central and South America come further into the news.

About these Latin Republics—I would be prepared to swear—the ideas of the average English person are of the haziest, most musical comedy kind. Those of us who have travelled, or who know people out there, may, of course, be excepted from this charge. Otherwise, how many of us distinguish, with anything like conviction, between one set of Latin Americans and another?

Ignorance of other peoples may be said to be one of our national characteristics—and we have kept on getting away with this. A too well informed Britisher would seem to be hardly British at all.

All the same, we must begin to perceive that there is something dangerous about this ignorance. We are up, in this war, against its exact reverse. Exact and full information has been the Nazi forte: the advance part of their plan for world domination has been to get every inch of the world taped. As to material facts, their information has been second to none. As to psychology—as can be seen by their mishandling of other races—they err in being dogmatic, rigid and crude.

In fact, if we could break down our own objections to knowing some helpful facts, we could easily be better psychologists than the Germans, and beat them at their own game of wooing the neutral.

German designs upon South America, the brain-work and money she has poured into these, her attempts to put over the Nazi idea, to blandish, buy up, seduce and corrupt the South American Latin, are now, in general, a matter of world knowledge. It is up to us to find out, as far as possible, how far these attempts are successful in the different Republics, and, if not, why not.

Now is the time to sort out one South American Republic from another, and, with the assistance of Mr. Gunther, learn something of the temperament, history, local colour, predispositions and political ruling idea of each.

In about five months Mr. Gunther flew thousands of miles over the continent that is the subject of *Inside Latin America*. Swooping on each Republic, he hustled people around till he got the information he wanted. Prepared to receive impressions, he did receive them. He had saved himself many preliminaries by arriving in a far from ignorant state. He executed, with trained adeptness, a number of snap-portraits of personalities.

Hustle

MR. GUNTHER is not, as a writer, very attractive. For one thing, he is unremittingly conscious of his own efficiency as a journalist. Inevitably, his style is keyed-up—making simple statements appear unduly sensational.

Inside Latin America was written, primarily, for the U.S.A.—and completed before the U.S.A. entered war. It therefore contains, in passing, some criticisms of the British that we may not relish.

I am not—through my own ignorance—in a position to challenge any statement that Mr. Gunther makes: also, frankly, I am too grateful to him for the bulk of the information that he conveys so clearly and thoroughly to quarrel with him over smaller points. For certainly *Inside Latin America*



Catapult Cameraman and His Bride

Roy Kellino, ace cameraman, was given the nickname "Catapult Cameraman" after being catapulted in a plane from the deck of the *Ark Royal*—the first film cameraman to do this. He spent three months in the *Ark Royal* photographing the daily life of the men of the Fleet Air Arm for the film "Ships With Wings," which is dedicated to the aircraft-carrier so tragically torpedoed and sunk in the Mediterranean. Roy Kellino married Mrs. Norma Simon at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

is a book full of meat—though the meat may sometimes be dressed to the author's taste, not your own.

Of statistics there are just enough—not too many. The fact frame of the whole

thing is remarkably well built up. The propaganda question, its effects or non-effects, with regard to each Republic, have been gone into. On the lighter side, there are some gay and engaging pictures of different local habits and local fun. In one aspect, the book is a travel-film—with Technicoloured panoramas ad lib.

Mr. Gunther disposes of several illusions. He points out, for instance, that Mexican Presidents are *not* always murdered. At the time when he was in Mexico, seven former Presidents were alive. He does not, however, attempt to deny that Latin Americans are temperamental. This may be traced to the fact that they are, largely, of mixed blood—for the Spanish and Portuguese conquerors of South America did not bring out with them their own women. Also, the climate and, in the cases of some Republics, the altitudes at which people live, tend to have a far from calming effect.

New England Gentleman

MR. JOHN P. MARQUAND, whose *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*, (Concluded on page 274)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

THE long, jagged line from Edinburgh Castle to where prosaic Waverley Street Station hides its deepest descent looked like the mysterious turrets of some grim fairy-tale—haunted, but darkly lovely in its atmosphere of antiquity, so heavy with bloodthirsty history. The dawn had broken, but it was not yet daylight. A mist hid the utilitarian purposes to which the people of Scotland's capital city have put too much of this lovely natural vista. The ancient buildings seemed to achieve unreality as they rose out of this mist into the pearl-grey light of an early December morning.

I have known them long, but never do they appear to me so beautiful as in the early morning half-light. At the window of my hotel in Princes Street I sat, unable to withdraw my eyes. I was entranced; dreading the moment when increasing daylight would turn this lovely, yet menacing, scene from its dream-like quality to one of stark, slightly begrimed reality. As yet, however, all was coldly, hauntingly beautiful.

The lounge in which I sat was fairly full of people, yet none, except myself, troubled to gaze at this strange and lovely scene in, to my mind, its most perfect aspect. A few came to the window, looked down into the street, and made some passing remarks about the mud or the likelihood of rain. A young Naval officer, although he confessed he knew nothing of Edinburgh, was frankly bored by the prospect that his train

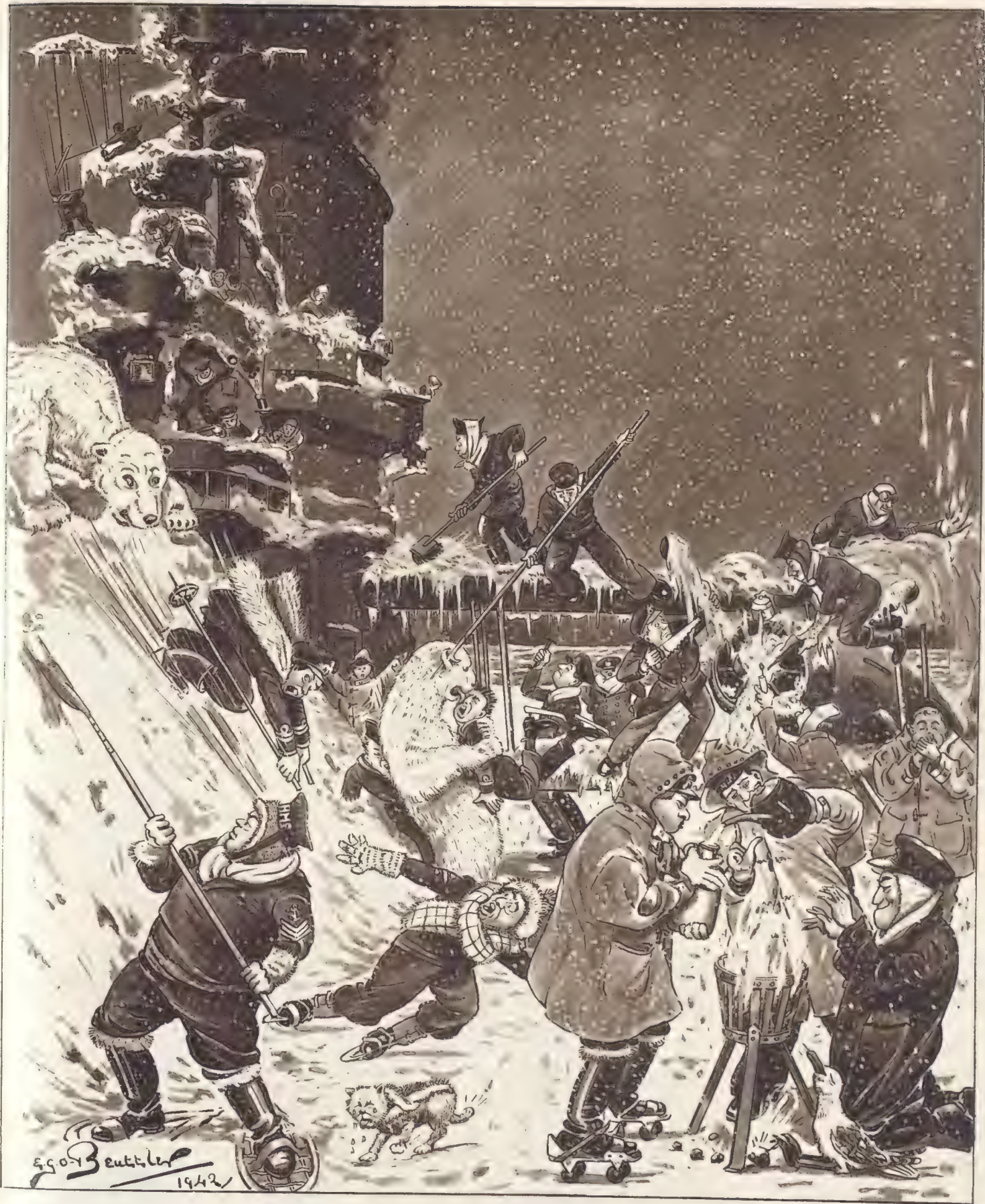
South would not leave before midday. He really didn't know how he was going to kill the time!

Once again I wondered at the blindness to all things beautiful which afflicts the majority of human beings, who, in parenthesis, seem disinclined to lift their eyes from the level of their neighbours' looks and behaviour! They miss so much. Life, which can be so full of inner glory, remains as prosaic as a row of Council Houses.

I have driven so many people through the loveliest scenery in England, and they have spent the time merely chatting about this and that. And yet, at almost every moment of every day, Nature is painting a picture which defies all the best artists in the world ever to reproduce. Only—it isn't in a frame! So people ignore it.

And yet, as I write these lines, I raise my eyes to watch the exquisite flight of seagulls against the rose-pearl sky of early twilight. It is a flash of beauty in a scene which otherwise would easily look commonplace.

Life, on the whole, is too often an ugly business, and thus, if one misses these fleeting moments of colour and movement, glorious in their variety, it is too often drab and uninspiring as well. Strangely, too, they give a feeling of companionship—without which, existence would be too intensively human to be borne without a sense of inner loneliness—the only solitude which can be unbearable.



Winter Sports in the Fleet Air Arm

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Inspired by a Commander, R.N., this drawing suggests that the Arctic severity of the winter climate in Northern waters entitles the Fleet Air Arm to challenge the claims of the Esquimaux to be "God's Frozen People." The scene is an aircraft carrier (looking towards the stern), where a Swordfish aircraft is in process of being thawed out on the flight deck. All the top hamper on the starboard side is known as the "island." Note the snowdrift on the left of the picture. Nice work, if you can stick it!

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

has just been published by Robert Hale at 9s., is one of the few writers of long novels who seem to me guilty of no unnecessary word. I have never cared for books one buys by the pound—in most cases, had their authors thought rather more they would have in all probability written less. But Mr. Marquand has a large, not merely a loose, imagination.

Readers—I hope there were many—of his *Wickford Point* will hurry to get possession of *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*.

Mr. Marquand is, as a novelist, the sophisticated and dignified critic of a sophisticated and dignified America—in fact, the New England that sends its sons to Harvard and lives in or near Boston, Mass., with holiday houses along the coast of Maine. No tough guys, poor whites or wild parties appear in the pages of his American novels.

Mr. Marquand has been likened to Henry James. He is a very subtle and sure



"A Bundle From Britain"

That is what Mr. Charlie Munn asked for, and laughing Glenna Crutchley is what he got—for the duration. The above snapshot shows the evacuee daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Crutchley, taken in the Adirondacks before she returned to Mr. Munn's Palm Beach home. Her mother, formerly Diana Fishwick of golfing fame, is now driving an ambulance for the Red Cross

debunker: fascinated by a society's pleasing externals, he cannot rest till he shows what is inwardly wrong with it. He never deals in "types"; all his characters are very personal—in fact, as such they haunt one—and could not be more living. Yet, behind each of his men and women, one feels at work either the new tendency or the old tradition that he or she represents.

Superficially, Harry Pulham has lived a good life and is a fortunate man. All the same, now in the middle forties, he looks at himself, at the past, then back to the present, and asks himself what went wrong, and at what point? He is not only an inarticulate, decent fellow; he is a person who dare not see too plainly.

The irony of the novel is that as Harry Pulham's story, told by himself, unfolds, we see truths about him to which he is blind. He has been, in fact, a man who said "No" to real life, who conformed to tradition when, both in work and in love, he could have gone striking out on his own.

Harry's wife—the conventional Kay, with her disconcerting moments of truthfulness—

is brilliantly done. So are his circle of Harvard friends—most notably the appalling Bo-Jo Brown. The urbane trivialities of existence are rendered with a sense of their undertones. Through the book runs a series of conversations that every married reader will recognise.

Dream World

"THE UNFAITHFUL WIFE," by Miss Naomi Royde-Smith (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), is very much less sensational than its title suggests. The infidelity of the little childish American woman, stranded in an English cathedral town in wartime, is of the imagination only—but all the greater, perhaps, for that.

Gary Cooper becomes the figure round which she spins a cocoon of mystical, heroic, almost religious and never amorous dreams. To Gary's figure, she attaches every inspiring story that she hears. Alone in her crabbled little house built into the city wall—a dwelling far from her own choice—Mrs. Laisterdyke, with her husband away at sea, shows what her neighbours find a shocking disregard of the war.

The fact is—as Miss Royde-Smith suggests—that the heart *must* live, and Mrs. Laisterdyke feeds hers as best she can. On the upstairs floor of the little house the birds her husband has sent her fly about in the sun. She is rather grimly ministered to by that charwoman of mystery, Mrs. Bonnyrotter.

As a wise and smiling study of fantasy, and also of feminine solitude in a pre-occupied world, *The Unfaithful Wife* is very remarkable. The theme is strengthened by its surround of realism—also by feeling for comedy. The cathedral town, its atmosphere and its residents are touched in with the spirited sureness that Miss Royde-Smith always commands.

Little Ben

No dreams could have protected little Ben Barton from the unfriendly realities of the East London Blitz. The seven-year-old hero of *London Pride*, by Phyllis



Hay Wrightson

Mrs. Beckwith-Smith

The wife of Major-General Merton Beckwith-Smith runs a residential course for the St. John Training Centre for First Aid and Home Nursing at her home, the Manor House, Stratton Audley, Oxon. The only child of the late Mr. John Blundell Leigh, and a granddaughter of the first Marquess of Abergavenny, she married Major-General Beckwith-Smith in 1918, and they have two sons, one in the Welsh Guards, and two daughters

Bottoms (Faber and Faber; 6s.), was so christened because Big Ben struck as he was being born. Ben, his girl friend Emily, and his infant sister Mabel come, chins up, through appalling experiences.

The book, which might be regarded as too grim, is relieved by touches of sentiment that sometimes verge on sentimentality. The lawless parts, however, are delightful—we share the hopes and the fears attendant on Ben's and Em'ly's looting in Oxford Street. I cannot, however, consider this the best work of the Miss Phyllis Bottoms of *The Mortal Storm*.



Five Generations at Harrowden Hall

The Hon. Georgina Mostyn, daughter of the sixth Baron Vaux of Harrowden, was photographed shortly before her death in a family group which includes five generations. She died at Harrowden Hall, Wellingborough, on January 29th, at the age of ninety-five. With her in the picture are her niece, the Hon. Lady Home, sister of the seventh Baron Vaux; her great-niece, the Baroness Vaux of Harrowden, eighth holder of the title and wife of Mr. William Gordon Gilbey; her great-great nephew, the Hon. John Gilbey, younger son of Baroness Vaux, who succeeds to the title after his brother, Father Gabriel Gilbey, O.S.B., of Ampleforth. The baby is Anthony, son of Mr. John Gilbey

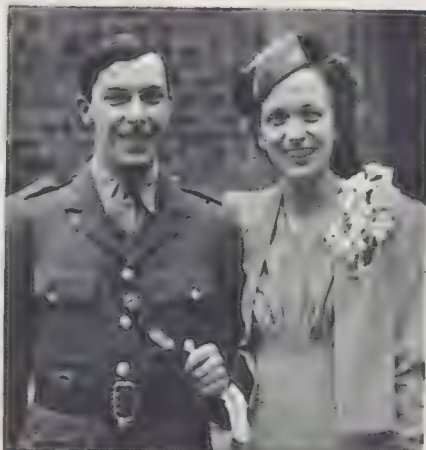
Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Saunders—Furber

Capt. Hugh Saunders, O. and B. L. I., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Saunders, of Latchmore Cottage, Gerrard's Cross, married Patricia Furber, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. T. Furber, of 62, Queensborough Terrace, W., at St. James's Spanish Place



Ottewill—Clark

Lieut. Waller Kirby Ottewill, the Highland Light Infantry, son of Mr. H. A. Ottewill and the late Mrs. Ottewill, of Hampstead, married Anne Mary Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Clark, of Warner Place, Loughborough, at the Savoy Chapel



Gaskell—Thomas

Lieut. J. G. Gaskell, R.A., only son of Colonel and Mrs. G. Gaskell, of Curt Cefn, Lisvane, and Maureen Thomas, only daughter of Sir William and Lady Thomas, of Birchwood Grange, Cardiff, were married at St. John's Church, Cardiff



Tirbutt—Sibley

Lieut. A. M. Tirbutt, Canadian Army, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Tirbutt, of West Mount, Montreal, and Yola Sibley were married at St. Michael's and All Angels, Blackdown. She is the daughter of Señora Lala Grand de Sibley, of 69, Wellington Court, St. John's Wood



Loftus—de la Pasture

Maurice Pierse Murrough Loftus, Scots Guards, son of Captain and Mrs. Pierse Creagh Loftus, of Reydon Covert, Southwold, Suffolk, married Anne de la Pasture, only daughter of the Marquis and Marquise de la Pasture, of Redhill, Redmarley, Gloucestershire, at Brompton Oratory



MacKinnon—Rolfe

Lieut. Alan Hood Ian MacKinnon, R.N., elder son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. L. D. I. MacKinnon, of Marl Close, Frampton, Dorset, married Hazel Brenda Rolfe, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Rolfe, of Bedford Park, W., at Holy Trinity, Brompton



MacClancey—Campbell

Squadron Leader Michael Robert MacClancey, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. M. G. MacClancey, of Foxhill, Raheny, Co. Dublin, and Beatrice Josephine Campbell were married at St. Anthony's Church, Willowfield, Belfast. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Campbell, of Belfast



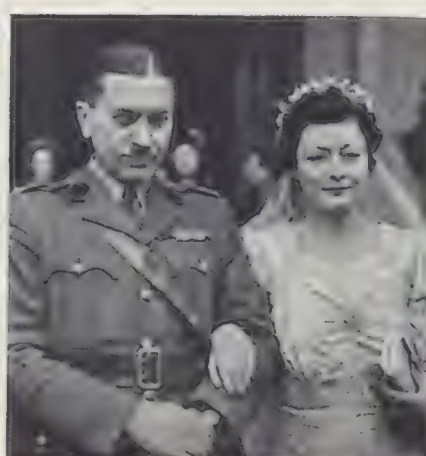
Auër—Hughes-Jones

Sub-Lieut. Dirk Auër, Royal Netherlands Navy, second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Auër, of Voorburg, Holland, married Diana Hughes-Jones, younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hughes-Jones, of Llangefni, Anglesey, at Llangefni Church



Murray-Wood—Wharton

The wedding of Second Lieutenant William Murray-Wood, and Janet Mary Wharton, of Farnborough Park, Kent, took place at Farnborough, Kent. The bridegroom is in the Royal West Kent Regiment



Tuzinkiewicz—Mostyn

Major Tuzinkiewicz, Polish Army, and Hermione Mostyn were married at Brompton Oratory. She is the daughter of the late George Mostyn and of Mrs. Mostyn, of Haselour Hall, Tamworth, Staffordshire



Campbell—Kinahan

Squadron Leader A. M. Campbell, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Campbell, of Underriver House, Sevenoaks, Kent, married Pamela H. Kinahan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Kinahan, of Rivermead Court, S.W., at All Saints' Church, Fulham

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Confidence Tricksters

"I'll never assume that a rogue or a thief
Is a gentleman worthy implicit belief
(Said I to myself said I)."

A distinguished Lord Chancellor: temp. W. S. Gilbert.

WOULD gentlemen who make a living by getting a bit from both sides fall within the category mentioned by this eminent lawyer? As a rider: will it be exactly prudent to continue to employ these gentlemen? The scent leading up to the people really responsible for the loss of so many gallant lives I submit is Brest-high. Minutes, even seconds, sometimes count in warlike operations. Thanks to the gentleman of Brest, there was a time-lag of fifteen hours. An item for our notebooks: the three ships which escaped were in fighting commission before we sank the Bismarck or the enemy sank the Prince of Wales and Repulse. So what?

A Heartless Libel

AT the time of the last conflict the cap-band selected for Intelligence Officers was a green one. Whoever the inhuman humorist was who was responsible for this heartless libel, I hope that to-day he is thoroughly ashamed of himself. Our Intelligence was then first-class, much better than the enemy's.

Death of a Great Sportsman

WHEN he was a comparative stripling of eighty-one, the late Mr. Romer Williams, who died recently at the age of ninety-one, said to someone who interviewed him, that his secret of eternal youth was plenty of exercise, chiefly fox-hunting

in his case, and one bottle per day of the best port. The first part of the recipe has been found successful by many, but as to the other one, I don't quite know; it entirely depends upon how much port likes you. Romer Williams hunted ever since he was six, and though not Pytchley-born and bred, for he was a Welshman hailing from Merioneth, he had the discrimination to put in seventy-five seasons in that fine country. I should think that this is something like a record, and that the only man who may have capped it is the late Mr. Henry Finch (Jimmy's father), who was with the Cottesmore for all his hunting life. Great as was the record that Romer Williams achieved on the Turf (he was the founder and father of Hurst Park, an owner, steward and, in his youth, a right good man between the flags), it is his fox-hunting career which claims pride of place. He was last out hunting in that country, which only a good horse can cross, in 1932, when he was eighty-two. Of course, he knew that domain like the back of his hand, but at so ripe an age as that, many people would have thought that something less alarming was more to their taste. It all depends upon what you are accustomed to, and, after all, there is that old saying: "The bigger the safer." Strong growers, I am sure, are safer than wire and tarmac and made-up fences, where the gallant field has to stand in a queue and wait its turn.

His Majesty's Choice

PENNELL ELMHIRST ("Brooksby") said that a bad horse cannot get over the Pytchley country at all, and that a



Home Guard Officers

This photograph was taken during recent Kidderminster Home Guard exercises at which were present Lt.-Col. R. W. A. Painter, Col. W. H. Wiggin, Lord Bridgeman and Lt.-Col. Laughton Goodwin. Lord Bridgeman, who was formerly in the Rifle Brigade, became Director-General of the Home Guard last year.

second-class one will only ruin your nerve. It is undoubtedly big, but you are always on the top of the ground, because of its excellent natural drainage, and all of it, bar one corner, is (or used to be) the best of grass. His Majesty the King was very fond of this delectable hunting ground, of which, although a Spencer was the first Master (Lord Spencer, 1750), there is a hunting history dating back to one Alwyn the Hunter, official master in the times of the Saxon Heptarchy. He lived quite near Brixworth, where the



Beagles Meet at Redhill

Middle Lodge, Gatton Park, Redhill, was the scene of a recent meet of the Worcester Park and Bucklands Beagles. In the picture are Major Taylor, W. Budrey, Kennel Huntsman, Mr. H. H. S. Scott Willey, the Master, Mr. M. C. Layton, Hon. Secretary, Mr. G. B. Pugh, Lieut.-Col. M. G. Bland, and, in front, Mr. A. P. Ryan and Mr. J. W. Farrington.



Lord Lovat's Candidate

At the annual Shorthorn Cattle Show in Perth, Lord Lovat, of Beaufort Castle, paraded his own bull, Beaufort Command, which won second prize in its class. English breeders for the first time competed in this show, one of them winning first prize in the August class.



At a Tractor Demonstration

The Somerset War Agricultural Committee recently staged a demonstration of the modern tractor pulling a three-furrow plough on heavy land. Spectators were Mr. G. Dymore Brown, Mr. W. D. Hay and Lord Radnor, who is chairman of the Agricultural Machinery Development Board set up by the Ministry of Agriculture.



The Royal New Zealand Air Force Rugby Team Lose by a Point to Rosslyn Park

The Rugby football match between Rosslyn Park and the Royal New Zealand Air Force was played on the Old Deer Park at Richmond, when Rosslyn Park won by two goals, a penalty goal, and a try (16 points) to three goals (15 points). Above are Pilot Officer Eric Grant, the New Zealand captain, and Pilot Officer Ellis, another New Zealand player

Colonel R. S. Park, New Zealand Military Liaison Officer in London, Mr. N. F. Lowndes, Mr. W. J. Jordan, New Zealand High Commissioner, and Flying Officer F. J. Lyall, team secretary for Rosslyn Park, were at the match. At the start the players were worried by slippery ground, but the second half of the game was very exciting, and Rosslyn Park deserved their narrow victory

present kennels are. Alwyn had not only to keep the foxes down, but was compelled to destroy wolves, badgers, martens and any other wild beasts. Since 1750, the Masters and hunt servants have worn the Spencer Padua scarlet, really a good rich burgundy coat, and a white collar goes with it. Everyone, of course, has his own ideas as to the country he would pick if he were an entirely free agent, but Romer Williams (and his Majesty) were not far out when they gave the Pytchley the vote. Incidentally, Romer Williams was through the Siege of Paris in 1870, when the Germans compelled the French to eat rats, a fact which seems to have slipped the memory of some of the descendants of those unhappy citizens.

The Hi, Gang! Jacket

No announcement has yet been made, so far as I know, as to what these colours are, but if I might suggest a tasteful red and yellow quartered, it might be helpful. It was not one of Ben Lyon's jokes when he said that our friend Vic Oliver had gone on the Turf. If the gossip we have recently heard is true, Vic Oliver must be very well furnished financially to embark upon this perilous adventure. He will need every sixpence of it; for I would recall the aphorism of an old friend of mine, one "Ananias" Smith, which went like this: "First comes the jockey, then comes the trainer, but the owner is a 'non-entry.'" However, the best of luck to the Hi, Gang! jacket.

Knives Out

SOMEONE, who was talking about recent hand-to-hand scrapping in which Gurkha regiments have been engaged, said that he wondered how they got along with their kukris. I think the real point is how the opponents got along. The kukri has beaten the bayonet and the Pathan knife in any in-fighting before now, and anyone who has come up against it in a rough-and-tumble has invariably expressed the strongest abhorrence of it. This is not surprising,

for it is the Gurkha's mother weapon, and though you or I might not do much execution with it, in the hands of so great an expert it is poison to any adversary. The kukri, for the information of those who may not know anything about it, is a shortish, curved knife, the cutting edge on the inside, heavier towards the point than it is at the hilt, the balance excellent, and the back broad and strong. Its merits, as compared with the Pathan knife, a longer, straight weapon, tapering to a sharp point, heavily

backed and razor-edged, and the Burman dâh (I can only give the phonetic spelling), have often been discussed. The Burmese knife is about the same length as the Pathan one, but the weight is at the point end, this being no point at all, as a matter of fact, for it is square-headed. I think I should always back the kukri with a Gurkha behind it. All these knives can give any pike 21 lb. and a beating! They are also much better than bows and arrows!



Officers of the 11th Hussars (P.A.O.), Cairo, 1941

Back row: Lieut. P. N. Palin-Evans, 2nd Lieuts. A. W. Paton, A. J. Smithers, Lieuts. C. J. Spickernel, C. E. Dier, M.C., C. A. Holliday, M.C., F. Ward, 2nd Lieut. R. A. Rapp, Lieuts. W. M. Cunningham, M.C., M. C. Clarke, 2nd Lieut. J. R. Ballingal

Middle row: Lieut. J. A. N. Crankshaw, M.C., 2nd Lieut. P. F. Stewart, Capt. J. A. Friend, H. C. Roberts, H. S. Cayzer, Lieut. H. Petch, D.C.M., Capt. J. Turnbull, Lieuts. W. V. Burdon, T. O. B. Horsford, R. R. F. Donald, R.A.O.C.

Front row: Capt. R. M. H. M. Grant-Thorold (Adj.), Majors J. C. A. D. Lawson, M.C., W. Wainman, H. N. H. Wild, a Staff Colonel, the Commanding Officer, Majors A. T. Smail, P. Payne-Gallwey, D.S.O., K. Alexander, A. V. C. Roberts, Lieut. (Q.M.) E. R. Chadwick, M.B.E.

In front: Lieut. J. W. Poston, 2nd Lieut. R. E. Wingfield-Digby

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

The Transient Pattern

OVERHEAD roars a patrol nosing seaward after the submarine which sank a tanker off Long Island, bringing war to the doors of commuters, as they call suburban daily-breaders. Someone from the Boy Scouts telephones to know if our waste paper has been "packaged" (instead of "tied up in bundles") and weighed for collection. Someone else wants old Christmas cards for the children's hospital.

Then comes one of those voices aerated by laughter, which mark their owners as givers rather than takers. It is Mrs. Derby (younger daughter of the late President "Teddy" Roosevelt) saying she won't have time to lunch because of Red Cross, and the offer of a stand-up snack fails to lure her from the path of inspection duty. When I asked how she thought her massive, Harrovian cousin, Monroe Robinson, had left South America, the answer—"Much shaken"—had that Rooseveltian lightness of touch which seems doubly attractive because of the average American's completely literal, earnest approach to everything.

An Irish American Humorist

FRANK SULLIVAN, who writes for the picture daily, *P.M.*, which Marshall Field subsidises heavily, was so funny about the World's Ten Best-Dressed Women being selected in spite of the war, that all the women going into uniform, and those who will have to wear what they have got because of taxation, were as pleased as Judy by his dirge for Mrs. Harrison Williams, who fell from perennial first to third on the list. By the way, the list excludes film actresses other than Rosalind Russell; featuring Thelma (Chrysler tanks) Foy and Mrs. (Robert's plays) Sherwood, while dropping Mrs. Gilbert Miller, who is less en vue owing to war work.

Mr. Miller's Productions

INCLUDE the imminent *Lily of the Valley*, by I successful playwright Ben Hecht, who is directing his own opus while Gilbert directs *Heart of a City*, Leslie Storm's play about a

London theatre in wartime, with Richard Ainley, whose work has been greatly praised by American critics; Dennis Hoey and Bertha Belmore. Several months before John (*Grapes of Wrath*) Steinbeck's new novel, *The Moon is Down*, reaches the book counters, its dramatic rights have been sold, and a very deep plot is anticipated.

Meanwhile two robust numbers are doing business—*Macbeth*, with Maurice Evans, and *The Rivals*, produced by Eva Le Gallienne for the Theatre Guild, who are lucky to get her extraordinary talent on their team. Daughter of English Richard Le Gallienne, poet, and the first Danish woman journalist, Eva has been an American subject for a number of years.

Message for "Social Round-about"

PLEASE give our American readers news of these units for whom some have enquired: Mrs. Euan Wallace (who used to go to Palm Beach); Mrs. Jock Bruce (whose Russian looks charmed Palm Beach just after the last war); Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort; Mrs. Nigel Norman (who was at school here when she was Patricia Annesley, and whose second sister, Mrs. "Kit" Burleson, brought her child over in 1940); Sir Humphrey de Trafford; American-born Lady Torphichen and Lord ("Sandy") Torphichen; American-born Leslie Lady Doverdale (war-working in London); the clan Cazalet, and the Earl of Kenmare, who will always be remembered as Lord Castlerosse.

South American Budget

PRIVILEGED North Americans who formerly roamed the hemisphere in season are beefing that "everybody's in Rio," and certainly a number of attractive, clever people are serving North America best by irritating Latin America less than their forerunners have done, at a very conservative estimate. The British Embassy can boast one of the most popular and suitably placed ménages—Ian Wilson-Young, that delightfully bright young man who used to be in the Middle East Department of the F.O., and his wife, Charlotte Brown (Baltimore *Nast Vogue* that was), who is hoping for a girl, having begun with a boy.

Also in Rio, en passant, are Lanfear B. Norrie, of New York, and his wife, our own Miss More-Molynieux, of Losley Park. They have been working all winter at a mine he owns in primitive country unchanged since Richard Burton's description of the Highlands of Brazil. "We are searching," Christobel writes, "for much-needed war minerals—rock crystal, manganese and zircon, which England and the U.S. may soon be short of—Japan, Italy and Germany laid their plans far ahead, stored up quantities of everything, and took it out before the war at one-tenth the price the U.S. pays now. Organisation is nil, transport heartbreaking and capital limited, so all output is far below possibilities. Bugs, and no milk, butter, or meat that is eatable, make life tough but venturesome. All the good meat goes—I'm glad to say—to England."

General Conversation—

ASIDE from war—touches on the one-woman show which Thalia Malcolm (mother of Mrs. Edward Gage) held in New York; the unfortunate slump in the Bahamas, about which some people feel that the Nassau realtors opened their mouths too wide in good times, and consequently scared elderly British and American rentiers, whose modest but steady patronage would have filled in nicely to-day; Mr. Arthur Glasgow's timely attack on Eire's policy in withholding her naval bases from the Allies, and his telegram to the President urging more pressure from this country; the lecture called "War Challenge to Women" at Mrs. Andrew Carnegie's house, with Mrs. Arthur Grenfell speaking for the British Y.W.C.A., of which she is President; Mr. Allan Wardwell on his recent trip to Russia for the Red Cross; Mrs. Shih-ming-Chu on the Chinese Y.W.C.A.; and the Netherlands Minister.

Winter Sports Item—

AN English girl who has made good is the handsome skater Gweneth Butler (Mrs. John Benn) who, having taken her baby to her American mother-in-law in Chicago, set about getting into an ice show, and after several months run as a principal, she is teaching from nine till night at the New York Ice Club, skating as well as ever, and looking fit.

We met on her Sunday off, on Long Island, where she was thrilling the natives with graceful "free," on rather difficult ice, in a gale. (Her younger sister married an American, the second Warren Pearl boy.) Gweneth has made a lot of friends, as she always did in Switzerland, which is wise of her because those British who stick exclusively with the gang of expatriate Americans from London and Paris are viewed askance, as they say in some novels.



At the British Embassy, Rio

Mr. and Mrs. Ian Wilson-Young and their baby son are popular members of the British colony at Rio de Janeiro. Ian Wilson-Young used to be in the Middle East Department of the Foreign Office. He married Charlotte Brown, from Baltimore



At the Long Island Open Air Rink

Mrs. John Benn, British ice-skating champion Gweneth Butler that was, has parked her baby in Chicago with her American mother-in-law. She is teaching skating at the New York Ice Club, and spends Sundays off on Long Island



President's Birthday Celebrations in Washington

Lord Halifax, British Ambassador to the United States, went to the dinner reception in Washington which marked the President's sixtieth birthday. He is seen chatting to Mrs. Albert Cox, wife of Brigadier-General Cox, while Mr. Donald Nelson, chief of the American War Production Board, listens in—is it a little doubtfully?

Harrods



Navy's in the news!

After winter tweeds and furs, navy—favourite for spring—comes as a welcome "refresher" to our wardrobes. The suit and two-piece illustrated are charming examples to be seen at Harrods.

(above left)

Navy Serge, sleek and fine for this well-groomed town suit. Note the accented waist of the long, double-breasted jacket, the faultlessly hanging skirt with inverted pleat centre front. This repeats itself at the back. Hips 36, 37, 39, 40. (YS163). 18 coupons. **12½ Gns.**

Suits—First Floor

(above right)

Navy Wool Bouclé of a superb quality makes the two-piece. Very new are the everlasting beads of frosted glass which embroider neck of the frock and revers and buttons of jacket. Hips 35-40. (YG50). 23 coupons. **27½ Gns.**

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Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Music in the Air

INDIRECT aid to military effort can be of many different kinds. One can cook for victory as well as shoot for it. The cracking of a joke on the stage may—in the ultimate analysis—be of as much value to the country as the cracking of an enemy skull on the battlefield. Both the Germans and the Russians believe that music can be the food of fury and give it prominence in their national plan.

Junkers 52 transport aircraft carry bassoons as well as bombs; tubas as well as Tommy-guns. When the musical Hun went into Norway his military bands were among the vanguard of the occupying troops.

Soviet Russia, in a more civilised manner, also makes music an ally. Its composers wrote symphonies while Moscow and Leningrad were threatened, and Sir Stafford Cripps has told us how the Soviet Government encourages and sustains music during even the darkest hours.

Contrast our own actions. As our men battle amidst flame and smoke, we announce the creation of a Ministry of Works and Planning—of all idiotic things—a Ministry of Works and Planning for dealing with peacetime problems.

The Two Paths

UGHT not Whitehall to be informed that there are activities, not directly military, which yet help the military effort and that there are other activities, not directly military, which hinder the military effort?

Day-dreaming about peacetime planning, about a time when Lord Reith will be able to indulge his creative hobbies, is damaging to the war effort. There are things which have their value in both peace and war, and among them there is music; but town planning—though a delightful occupation for the otherwise unemployed—is merely a drag on the war effort.

Close down Lord Reith's new Ministry and set up—in admiring competition with the Russians—a War Music Ministry. In the R.A.F., according to letters which have reached me since I mentioned the matter in these columns, there is a demand for good music which is not satisfied.

There are good dance bands—and they have their importance—but there are not enough good orchestras and instrumental combinations. My remark which led to these letters merely stated the fact that a musician in the R.A.F. is paid lower than almost any other trade group. It appears that with this official estimation of the value of music to the Service, members of the Service profoundly disagree. They believe that music has its value in war as well as in peace, and that it is one of the few essentially non-military activities which should still be encouraged during war.

Air Carrying

THERE is another activity which, though essentially non-military, can also be encouraged and developed during war with an advantage which extends over both war and peace; this is air carrying.

Civil aviation is always grousing about the way it is being thrust aside during the war. What it ought to do is to show the military and service authorities what great use it can be to the nation at all times.

It is my opinion that the Royal Air Force ought to have created an Air Carrying Command. This would be available for the conveyance of personnel, supplies, stores, spares, ammunition, fuel, workshops and workshop equipment and the rest of it by air. If we created such a command it would be of value to the Royal Air Force during the war, conferring upon it additional mobility, and it would



R.A.F. Officer Receives the Croix de Guerre

Wing Commander James Rankin, D.S.O., D.F.C., was decorated with the Croix de Guerre by M. Camille Gutt, Belgian Minister of National Defence, at a recent ceremony when the Standard of the Belgian Air Force was handed over to the Belgian Section of the R.A.F. The Belgian pilot who flew back to his own country and, in the face of the enemy, saved the Standard which had been buried in a remote part of the country, was also decorated with the Croix de Guerre by M. Gutt.

also be of value during peace as providing a basis for civil transport development.

The Germans—as they have seen the all-time peace-and-war value of music, have also seen the all-time peace-and-war value of air carrying. They have developed and encouraged both, not only before the war, but also during it. Here we can learn from the enemy.

We have not the time to create ridiculous planning ministries, with noted personalities at their head. If those noted personalities and their staffs are of any merit at all, they must be put to the task of winning the war and not of day-dreaming about the peace.

Nothing is more depressing than to see the way in which so many people still think of the peace as if the war had already been won. The way is hard and long. Those who day-dream about what they are going to do when we have won are delaying the day of victory and should be gently but forcibly restrained. The Ministry of Works and Planning is, in reality, a Ministry of Escapism. It is a pathological symptom.

Let us get back to hard facts. But hard facts do not exclude all the amenities of existence, and they certainly do not exclude the development of air transport in the wider sense.

Silence May be Best

MANY of my friends of the scribbling trade have been annoyed with the Royal Navy for its lack of a sense of publicity. I feel otherwise. I feel that a strictly factual, non-propaganda approach to wartime activity is right. How much better had we taken, in all three Services, the line that as little as possible should be said and that that little should be confined to a dry statement of proven fact.

It is precisely because the public was led to believe that the Royal Air Force bombing programme was going to do the most marvellous things, that it became disappointed when it merely did what was possible. Miracles were expected; and great feats were thereafter looked on as falling short of what had been promised.

I think that the difficulties in which the Secretary of State for Air has found himself placed have been due mainly to the over-exuberant publicity that has emanated from the Air Ministry.

May I suggest for the Air Ministry the slogan: long term publicity, for a long term programme. Let us be restrained in the claims we make about what we are going to do to Colin Bell; about what our bombs are going to do to Germany, and so on. Let us remember the fate of the British heavy-weight in the past who stated beforehand precisely what he intended to do to his opponent, but too often failed to do it.



D. R. Stuart

Film Star and Her C.O.

Corporal Bagley (right) was chosen to represent the W.A.A.F. heroine of a propaganda film, "Airwoman," which will soon be released. She was photographed with Flight Officer E. O. Hoy, her Commandant. Flight Officer Hoy is the wife of Group Captain C. A. Hoy, M.C. Their daughter is also in the W.A.A.F.s



D. R. Stuart

Beaufort Pilot and His C.O.

Flight Sergeant Raymond Loveitt, D.F.M., is the pilot who so brilliantly attacked the German pocket battleship "Lutzow" in June last. He manœuvred his aircraft inside the screen of five destroyers guarding the battleship and scored a direct torpedo hit. His commanding officer, standing beside him, is Wing Commander L. P. Gibson

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

It is exceedingly difficult to make women realise that brushing has no deleterious effect on the Eugene method of permanently waving the hair. The attractiveness of Eugene permanent waving will be seen in the illustrations. There are many variations on this theme, and care must be taken to see that the one selected is in harmony with the face. Hygiene is of the utmost importance. The scalp must be kept healthy and washed as frequently as possible—no easy matter in these days of quotas. An important feature of the Eugene waves is that they can be brushed upwards as well as down. The hair is kept well away from the collar, and no grips, pins or curlers are necessary—or, to put the matter in a nutshell, no attention is required beyond a permanent wave twice a year, and the normal setting after each shampoo, and a comb run through will neaten it in a few seconds after any amount of disarrangement. Neither must it be overlooked that the hair does not have to be shaved or clipped



The Brevitt Shoe Company has been registered at 2-5, Old Bond Street. Some of the shoes are illustrated on this page. On the extreme left is the Robin Hood model, in bottle-green suède and tan calf. It is embroidered with a bow and arrow, is smart, practical and comfortable. Above is the Blitz, an important feature of it being the flash design in a contrasting colour. Furthermore, the Anne Boleyn model in calf and suède is portrayed on the left, and, as will be seen, the bag is in complete harmony with it. Again, there are shoes for country wear. They demonstrate that, despite the restriction of material, they have a distinction all their own

Ready!



Social Round-about

(Continued from page 261)

Kinsmen

BRITISH parents whose children went over to America and Canada during the first summer months of war, foregathered in London recently to hear details of the Kinsmen Trust which is to give American and Canadian children the opportunity to come to this country after the war and go to our schools.

Sir Harry Brittain, pink-carnationed as usual, was in the Chair. Lord Bennett, the rotund and popular "R.B." of Calgary, sat near by and explained details of the Trust to the four hundred or so parents who were there. Mr. John Winant, American Ambassador, had hoped to be present. At the last minute urgent affairs detained him, but he sent a message that the whole scheme seemed to him a very good idea and he added: "I believe it will be deeply appreciated by my fellow countrymen." Lady Louis Mountbatten also sent a note that she and her husband had signed a Covenant to extend over seven years whereby the Kinsmen Trust Fund would receive £300.

"Uncle Geoffrey" Shakespeare, as the children call him, spoke charmingly of all the good little girls and boys who went overseas and of one bad little boy who had made good.

Lord and Lady Gorell were there; also Lady Cheetham, a bright spot of colour at the top table in her gay, red hat; the Dowager Lady Swathling, the only one in uniform, looking very smart in her cockaded hat and much beribboned uniform of the Red Cross and St. John, and talking animatedly to Professor "Brains Trust" Joad, whose delighted giggle was frequently heard; Mrs. Lucie Bemrose, who first thought of the idea of the Kinsmen and is its founder-chairman, very orchidæous, and Mr. Lawrence Tweedy, that big-hearted American who, with the help of the American Committee in London, successfully got 859 of our children away from the danger zone to the other side of the Pond, while we were still discussing the idea in Parliament.

Film Classic

THREE films have now been made of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* so that it is almost a classic in its own

right, apart from the book—which, no doubt, like others, was long ago labelled "The Book of the Film."

Spencer Tracy is particularly appropriate in the part as his real face is so good and sweet, and one specially remembers him as a priest, so that his transformation into the monster Hyde is harrowing as well as gloriously gruesome. The Victorian atmosphere of the story is preserved, and the opera hat and cloak of Jekyll-Hyde make his constantly fleeing figure excitingly bat-like.

Surrealism is gradually creeping into films, obviously the medium best adapted to it. Jekyll's delirium, or dreams, while he is turning into Hyde, are fascinating. Animals—a lovely lion included—stray about at random, floating water lilies turn into girls' faces, people fly along at an exciting speed, and so on—real dream quality is achieved.

More People

CAPTAIN and Mrs. Stancombe, and his brother, Mr. Michael Stancombe, were out dancing at the weekend. She was Miss Peggy Ironside, and is fair and pretty; she used to hunt her own pack of terriers. Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer Porter have been in London too—she was Miss Faith Fulford, from Devonshire.

A literary gathering in Wiltshire included Mr. Cyril Connolly, editor of *Horizon*, Mr. Peter Watson, Miss Elizabeth Bowen and Mr. Stephen Tennant. Wiltshire is full of artistic people, including Mr. Cecil Beaton.

Two gay representatives of youth in the Army on the prowl were Mr. Ian Moncrieffe and Mr. Frank Waldron.

Mr. Peter Crabbe, a nephew of Captain Archie Crabbe, and a personality in his own right, was rushing about most of one night in a kilt and a black moustache, adding to the enjoyment of people he met. Another amusing young man, with him in the earlier stages of the evening, was Mr. Donald Colquhoun of Luss, in the Scots Guards. (Another, seen out of the window of a bus in the daytime, was Captain Dudley Forwood, walking happily along preceded by his big moustache.)

Late News

GAY goings on at night make up for strenuous and worrying days, and the jolliest night joint is Mrs. Warren's—Mrs. Ulick Browne since her marriage to

Lord Sligo's heir, a great personality and excellent hostess.

Mr. Edward Cooper is often there, and sometimes adds to the cabaret with some of the songs he puts across better than any one else; Mr. Walter Crisham is a regular, too; both the Hermiones were there the other night, Baddeley and Gingold, Mr. Leslie Bradley, Mr. Eric Hatry, a regular out and about, Miss Belinda Blew Jones, looking good—she is a niece of the Marquise de Casa Maury, Mrs. James Seely, and Mr. Charles Birkin—Lady Phyllis Allen, Mr. Michael Pitt-Rivers, in the Blues, Major Gerald Potter, and Mr. Ian Lubbock, back in London after some months in the Oxford Repertory.

Lantern Lecture

IT is usual to associate lantern lectures with affairs in village halls, and one's earliest ambitions—wanting to own a magic lantern used to be a phase in every child's development. But they can be interesting and entertaining, like the one due at the Dorchester on February 26, to be given by Doctor Tancrèd Borenius, about "Conaletto's Warsaw," in aid of the Polish Relief Fund. It will be at six p.m., and Lord Methuen is taking the Chair.

Dr. Borenius was the first Chairman of the Anglo-Polish Relief Fund which was later incorporated in the Polish Relief Fund. The Polish Government has given some slides depicting eighteenth-century Warsaw which will be new to most English people.

Decoration Date

WILLIAM DE MONT and Terence MacDonagh have both been recently awarded the British Empire Medal for gallantry. They jointly saved two girls trapped on the top floor of a blazing house. They were both members of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra before the war, but on the outbreak joined up as full-time volunteers in the A.F.S.

William de Mont, brilliant 'cellist, is related to the Belgian politician of that name, and is married to Ruth Naylor, the gifted Australian soprano. Terence MacDonagh, the finest oboe player in this country has played under the baton of Toscanini. They went to Buckingham Palace together to be decorated on February 24.

HAPPY EVENT!

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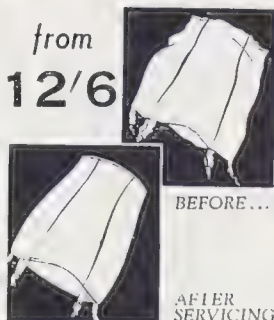
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Round the Restaurants

Lunching, Dining and Dancing



THE GENTLY LIGHTED and well-appointed restaurant at Mr. Majori's Normandie is still packed for luncheons and dinners. Writing of the latter is a reminder that the set 10s. 6d. dinner is one of the best in London for quality, variety and also value when one remembers that dancing on a perfect floor to the Gregory Quartet music, adds nothing to the bill. Residentially, the Normandie Hotel is very busy, so those wishing to book a room should certainly telephone before arriving, so to speak. A well-stocked bar (very popular on Sundays), plenty of Scotch and a *real* Martini if you feel like it Mr. Majori "has a nice surprise for his guests very shortly"—but that's all we may say at the moment.

THE APERITIVO ANDALUS still remains one of the prettiest lounge bars in London as a visit to Martinez in Swallow Street will prove. If you arrive early, you'll still get sherry—if you arrive late, you'll still get a good drink. Upstairs or down, the food presented in Spanish ways, makes an appetising change and an excellent Spanish wine to accompany it can be found for about half a guinea. Dancing downstairs is now to different music—that of Happy Blake and his band which took the stage some ten days ago. Señor Martinez or Manager Negri will make you very happy here.

THE TASTEFUL FOYER at New Clarges is a sure indication of what you may expect in service, food and accommodation (should you require the latter) at this rather extravagant address. There are no such things as dancing, cabaret or music, but under the direction of M. Martinet, there is just about everything else. Jack Pavitt runs an excellent Victory Bar, whether you are there for a meal or not, and if you are lunching or dining, which is extremely probable, then Segalla will more than look after your restaurant requirements. Despite its exclusiveness, New Clarges, or Fleming's Hotel as you may still choose to call it, is most reasonable in its charges and many are the pleasant surprises its guests have experienced in this direction.

FOR A DRINK, for a lunch, for a dinner, for a dance and for a grand time at a reasonable price—very reasonable—there is still no place to compare with the New Queen's in Leicester Square. There are three good bars (from ordinary saloon prices upwards) and a restaurant where chef Michel still provides meals that look and really taste like the peace-time article. Dave Java, leader of the band, keeps the dance floor nicely filled and quite apart from dancing, it's well worth listening to Dave alone on his violin. His mannerisms and technique remind one strongly of de Groot. Because of increased business, Manager Cope has arranged for luncheons to start at 12.30 and dinners at half past six. Very useful on occasions.

THE STARS ONCE FORETOLD that the sloping floor at the Lansdowne Restaurant would be a liability to the owners but, as usual, the stars were wrong. Exactly the reverse has happened and it's fun to sit in comfort, eat in comfort, and be able to make out your friends on the dance floor and see who's partnering who. The Lansdowne is an exceptionally happy spot in these worrying days which is very simply explained by the presence of youngish people (ninety per cent Service), cheerful people, in fact a cosmopolitan assembly of the very best. In the bar, half-way-down-to-food, the serious-minded Bert is mixing good cocktails despite the gin shortage. Some of his rum-cum-lime concoctions are well worth a go. Finally, don't forget Sunday nights at the Lansdowne, which include dancing till midnight—they are good occasions.

IN SAINT JAMES' STREET, Maison Prunier provides of the very best in the way of food and drinks despite wartime difficulties. Oysters—well, it is admitted that there was a shortage once, but that was for two hours only! Intriguing dishes all well within the law, such as anguille fumée (smoked eel), a delicious alternative to smoked salmon, and smoked trout, which Madame Prunier gets in agreeable quantities from the river nurseries. Scallops cooked in many ways, plenty of game, including canard sauvage à la presse, or singed woodcock—just two examples. A cellar of champagne and red wines, sherry in plenty and vermouth of their own manufacture and with all this, if you wish it, a set-price dinner for twelve shillings and sixpence. Believe it or not, my young lieutenant.

AT THE GREEK RESTAURANT the White Tower, M. Stais and his charming wife continue to cater successfully for the gourmet. The food is perfect as a hastily chosen menu will show: Chicken broth made with egg and slightly lemon flavoured, followed by a mixed dish of stuffed vine leaves and Moussaka Demetra—the latter being delicious minced beef, mushrooms and onions, well seasoned and finished off with a cheese sauce. Sweets are too varied to deal with. There are useful and refreshing changes in drinks as well, such as a carafe of Domestika, a white wine from Greece and a glass of Ouzo—very tasty equivalent of absinthe. Open daily, except Sundays, for good luncheons and dinners, with no music to distract you!

GEROLD IS JUST COMPLETING his fifth year of management at Hatchett's and how he manages so well in times of war, nobody knows, Gerold included. But there it is. At lunch time, the restaurant begins to fill up quickly which is not surprising when, for example, a simple luncheon last week consisted of smoked salmon (extremely good), Pickwick pudding (a hot pie of various meats—*real* meats), and for any one capable of going further, the choice of sweets on a tray that might have been wheeled in during the peak time of 1928. Evening entertainment includes, as usual, dinner dances from 8.30 p.m. to Hatchett's Swingtet with Stephane Grappelly—as good as ever.

UNDER THE DIRECTION of M. D'Ajou, play began at the Bagatelle on January 28 and already it's necessary to telephone if you wish to make sure of "that special table at the side." The owners describe Bagatelle as "Mayfair's loveliest and most unique restaurant" and they are not very far out. It brings back memories of Ciro's and the food and service more than justify this comparison. Frank Weir, that clarinet wizard, leads the band for dancing from 8.30 till 1.30 a.m. On entering, it is difficult and pointless to pass the Bar des Allies, a well-stocked dispensary where Alex, now invalided out of the Service, does the necessary. Set prices if you wish—lunch 8s. 6d. and dinner 15s. 6d. Closed all day Sunday.

VERY BEST WISHES go to Frank Fisher who volunteered for the R.A.F. a long time ago and has now been called up. His place as general manager at the May Fair has been taken in the most sporting manner by Major Swindells, O.B.E., managing director of Gordon Hotels Ltd., who feels that at last he ought to do something active as he's only been with the company for forty-two years! Major Swindells had a distinguished career in the last war and his four years' army service abroad is the only break he ever had from his present activities. Many readers will remember him in his managerial capacity at the Grand, the Metropole (good old Midnight Folly days), the Grosvenor and then the May Fair to which he now returns. Let us hope that happy days will have returned when he hands back to Mr. Fisher.

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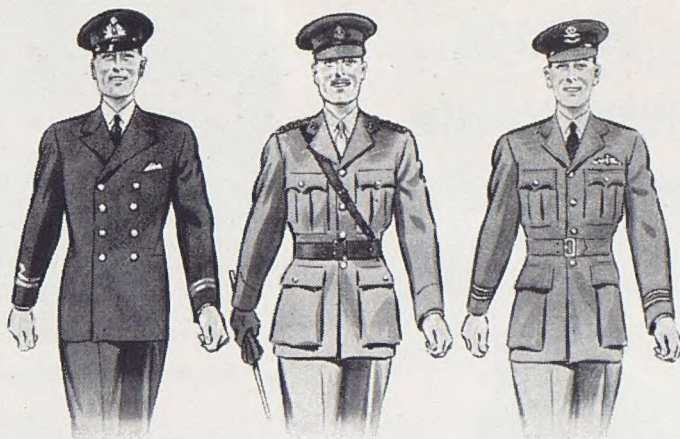
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is one of the new
ALLIED SCARVES
in embroidered
featherweight jersey
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Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

A GROUP of soldiers sat round the fire in their billet. "Do you know anything about palmistry, Jim?" asked one of them. "Not much," admitted Jim, "although I had an experience of hand reading last night that was remarkable. I happened to glance at the hand of a man and I knew immediately that money was coming his way. And before he went on duty he had quite a tidy sum handed him."

"And you foretold that from his hand?" was the question, in rather incredulous tones.

"Yes—it had four aces in it."

"You know, my dear," confided one lady to her friend, "my husband has changed a great deal since our marriage. He eats out of my hand now."

"Really?" sniffed the friend. "Well, it saves a lot of washing-up."

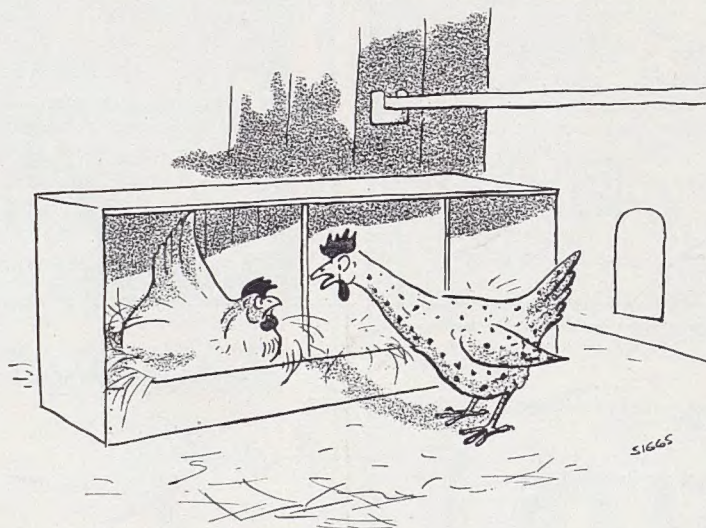
A MAN with a little black bag knocked at the front door. "Come in, come in," said the father of fourteen children, "and I hope to goodness you're the piano tuner."

SOME hours after a raid Jones rang up the local police to tell them he had an incendiary bomb in his back garden.

An inspector told him it wouldn't do any harm; but Jones, not reassured, again rang up the police. The inspector then went round to Jones's house and found the bomb was not an incendiary but a high-explosive of the delayed action type.

"You didn't sleep in your house last night, did you?" the inspector asked.

"Not something likely!" was the reply. "I went next door!"



When do we cackle nowadays—before or after?

AN old negro was taken up in a plane for the first time. After a few stunts, looping the loop, twisting and banking, the pilot landed.

"Well, Snowball, how did you enjoy the trip?" he asked.

Said Snowball: "Ah'd sooner be on terra firmah, the more firmah, the less terrah."

"I THOUGHT I told you to come back when you were older!" snapped the Home Guard recruiting officer to the fourteen-year-old lad in scout's uniform. "That's all right, sir, and I have," was the prompt reply. "Watching the Home Guards' rotten drilling outside has put years on me!"

A DOCTOR tells this story of a first aid class in a London office.

He put this question to a girl: "A man has a head wound which is bleeding badly. What would you do to stop the bleeding?"

She replied brightly: "I'd apply a tourniquet round his neck."

TO the village came the troops on manoeuvres. Some of them had to act as "enemy."

One soldier so detailed, was standing by a gate when from a cottage emerged a sympathetic old dame and offered him an apple.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

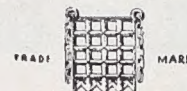
"Oh, I'm the enemy."

"The enemy! Then give me back that apple."

WASTE PAPER is still urgently demanded. Paper must be saved. It is not enough to give all the magazines, periodicals, cardboard cases and waste papers which have accumulated in our homes. Paper must be saved even in its initial and essential uses. Recent suggestions include one to save envelopes. Use these for private use as they are used in inter-office communication. Write in the top left-hand corner when first using an envelope. This leaves the maximum space for further use. If you have a good idea for saving paper, please share it. Send it to us so that we may publish it for the benefit of all our readers and the country generally.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

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SEAGERS

GIN - - - 17/-

EGG FLIP - - 11/6

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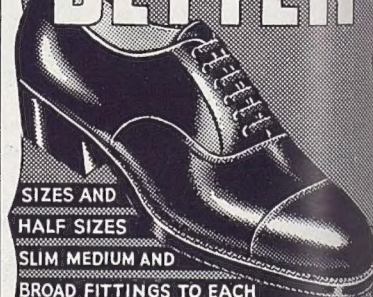
Full-strength 9/6

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CHILDREN NOW IN
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WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY
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"ANY QUESTIONS?"



The first question comes from Mrs. Brown, of Durham. She asks: "When will my grocer have Carr's Biscuits?"

The Philosopher: "The reply is, he probably already has them. He may not have had them when you called, but fresh supplies are constantly arriving, so try again."

The Citizen: "Yes, when I was at Carlisle the other day they told me they were producing more than ever (although so many of the Staff are away helping the National war effort), and sharing them between the Services and Shops. Excellent biscuits they are, too!"

DEFINITELY WORTH
WAITING FOR

CARR'S BISCUITS



A Necessity
and
a Luxury
Carr's of Carlisle

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WILL STOP
THAT COLD



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Do you simply say "A bottle of aspirin tablets, please"? Or do you specify Howards' Aspirin? Nobody would suggest that if you adopt the former course you will fail to cure your headache. But on the other hand, it is well to realise that when manufacturers brand a product—making it readily identifiable by name—they automatically pledge themselves to maintain an unvarying standard of quality. As a buyer, the privilege of selection is yours. You exercise your choice wisely when you ask for the branded product—when you stipulate HOWARDS' Aspirin.

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For small figures only, in white fine material, 19/6
White material, for drooping, heavy figures, from 42/6
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NEWS FROM HOME

Dear Mr. Gerald:

I am writing this letter by the light of a hurricane lamp in the coach house, which is now the guard room of the Home Guard. I expect your own guard room will be a tent, being out in a hot climate as you are.

I have just relieved old Moleskin Widger—the one that used to be a poacher and never did a day's work in his life, but now is a full corporal, and works hard on the land as well, being quite reformed by the war.

We were talking about when the war is over, and Moleskin said why not roast an ox whole and have a barrel of beer? I said why not fireworks as well, but he said he could do without such fiddle faddles as fireworks, and put the money

towards a second barrel of beer.

Meanwhile, Sir, I have not been totally oblivious of the need for preparing for some post-war celebrations of a more domestic nature. Although Rose's Lime Juice has become very scarce, I have obtained five bottles which I am keeping in the cellar, the key of which I retain upon my person. It would be a great pity if such a pleasant occasion should be marred by headaches or hangovers.

Trusting that your health remains good in the warm climate in which you are stationed.

I am,

Yours most respectfully,

Albert Hawkins

(Sergeant, Home Guard)

ROSE'S — the Wise Man's Nightcap



ENDURING REPUTATION

Why is the name of Worsted—an obscure village in the county of Norfolk—known all over the world today?

Because two or three centuries ago a few honest weavers wove honest woollen cloth there.

As a result, the name of Worsted became the hall-mark of quality, and finally—the generic designation for a whole class of fabrics.

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It is on good craftsmanship that the name of The Chatwood Security has been built and is today securely based.

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